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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him. All communications and MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C. 2.]

Events of the Week.

So far as we can collect and systematize the vast mass of electoral returns which come hurtling in as we write, they present the following features. (1) The Bonar Law Government, by virtue of its strength in the greater cities, the home counties, and the South of England, in Lancashire, and in the majority of the rural districts, but still more by the division of the Progressive vote between Liberalism and Labor, remains in power, but probably on a minority vote, by which the Prime Minister himself is elected. This deprives it of moral force, and of the right to pursue the standpat Toryism on which it made the elections. (2) The great increase in the Labor vote and strength, which promises a command of the industrial districts, though this, in places, is hotly disputed by Liberalism. This is a great gain for stability. Had Labor gone under as the result of the unscrupulous exaggerations of the Press and of the Tory (and some Whig-Liberal) campaigners, there must have been a bitterly resentful reaction. This sting is now removed. (3) A minor revival of Liberalism, unluckily checked in many places by the chances of the polls, and by the want of P.R. (4) An eclipse of the Lloyd Georgians, who, while retaining a part of their followers by alternate bargains with Tories and Liberals, together with some of the weakest of their lieutenants, have suffered defeat after defeat at the hands of Conservatives and Liberals.

THE quality of the Opposition will certainly be good. Nearly all the "intellectuals" of the I.L.P. have been returned, and, with the regrettable exceptions of Mr. Henderson and Mr. Tawney, the party is at its top strength in knowledge and debating skill. Mr. Patrick Hastings brings in a new element of lawyer's intelligence. Liberalism also gets back Sir John Simon; and some Independents of great promise like Mr. Mosley and Mr. Butler, as well as Independent Conservatives like Lord Henry Bentinck and Lord Robert Cecil, can in no sense be counted in with the reaction. Labor, in return for victory, has lost its organizer; and the Ministerial defeats, including one Cabinet Minister and the Lord Advocate, are somewhat serious. Mr. George has lost Mr. Churchill, Mr. Kellaway (for whom he made an election-day appeal), Captain Guest, and Sir Tudor Walters. Neither Mr. Runciman nor Mr. Mon-

tagu will be seen in the new Parliament; but Mr. Pringle, the most brilliant of the Liberal free-lances, reappears. The almost complete capture of Glasgow, the city for which Mr. Law just managed to sit, by the Labor forces of the Left, is the most dramatic event of the election, and in a sense its most significant direction for the future.

On the whole the results have confirmed the few fairly clear indications observable amid the perplexing flow of cross-currents. Labor has gained heavily in the constituencies where the electorate is predominantly working class, and where the effects of unemployment and wage cuts have been felt in their most intense form. In some other industrial constituencies, with a leavening of the commercial and clerical classes, a regrouping into a compact anti-Labor vote has counterbalanced the workers' class-movement. The Liberal revival, although it is not quite so strong as it appeared to be in some districts a week ago, has been substantial enough to disprove absolutely the belief of the Tories that Great Britain, like the Continental countries, was swept by reaction. The contemptuous rejection of some of Mr. Lloyd George's strongest supporters dispels just as completely the idea that a continuance of the Coalition would have saved it from overwhelming defeat.

THE one depressing circumstance of the election is the fact that this decisive judgment, expressed in a large aggregate majority of anti-Conservative votes, is not reflected strongly enough in the actual return of members. Labor and Independent Liberalism, working together, would have made a Bonar Law Government unthinkable. Conservative candidates in scores of divisions hold their seats because of split votes, which in co-operation would have yielded large Liberal or Labor majorities, after making due allowance for weak Liberal voters who might have gone to the Tories in the event of such a union. All St. Pancras, for instance, would have been, politically, a bright spot in darker London. A Conservative vote of 9,176 in the Northern division won the seat against a Labor vote of 8,165, and a Liberal vote of 6,979. In York a combined Labor-Liberal vote of 18,944 failed against the Tory's 15,163. In Dartford the intervention of Miss Garland, who polled only 2,175, almost certainly lost the Labor seat. In Ayr a combined majority of nearly 3,000 could not keep the Tory out. In Leyton West the Labor intervention gave the Tories a Liberal seat with a Liberal-Labor majority of 1,500. In South Croydon a combined effort would probably have defeated Sir Allan Smith. In Gloucester, where Labor was within 51 votes of victory, 6,000 Liberal votes counted for nothing. These are but examples from a long list. They demand the serious consideration of all progressives before the next election. For the moment they are important chiefly because they show decisively that Mr. Bonar Law has—as we argue elsewhere—no true mandate.

PERHAPS the most remarkable feature of the election is the sweeping victories of the Independent Labor Party. Four years ago the party were turned down as a group of pacifists. Their success is attributable partly to the intense and growing reaction against militarism

and war in the industrial centres, and partly to the persistent energy with which they have defended their war-time policy. Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden, Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, Mr. Jowett, and Mr. Lees Smith won by large majorities against heavy odds. Mr. Roden Buxton gained a 5,000 majority at Accrington in what seemed a forlorn-hope attack on a Coalition Unionist majority of 5,400. Mr. James Maxton, known better in Scotland than in England as a member of the same political group, turned a Coalition Liberal majority of 3,027 into a Labor majority of 7,692. The reinforcement of the Labor Party in the House by this group of "intellectuals" will not only add greatly to the debating strength of the party, but will almost certainly influence its policy on the lines of the I.L.P.'s programme.

ANOTHER less spectacular, but in its way equally significant result is the return of the small group of Co-operative Party candidates. While preserving its own distinctive viewpoint, the party is definitely allied with Labor. The comparative failure of Labor in London, Manchester, and other big towns is not altogether surprising. The Capital Levy undoubtedly damaged them heavily in these areas, but it is disquieting to find in many of the results of the straight fights with Tories a pretty clear indication that Liberals in large numbers have united with Tories. That is one of the factors which will make future co-operation difficult. There is the customary list of results which are to be explained only by local conditions or personal factors. The existence of nearly 80,000 unemployed and a bitter rent agitation adequately account for the great Labor victories in Glasgow. Bolton's heavy National Liberal and Conservative vote is due to the Conservative Free Trade tradition and the immense popularity of Captain Edge. The Labor and Liberal victories at Preston reflect similar personal influences. It was not to be expected that the Independent Liberals would regain their full position in the industrial centres where social issues have consolidated the Labor strength. Their hopes now lie more obviously in smaller boroughs and the county divisions where Liberal thought is deeply rooted, and where acute industrial issues are not likely to arise. Nevertheless the notable gains in Bethnal Green suggest that London is not all hopeless, and those in Derby, Huddersfield, Nottingham, Walsall, Preston, Bradford, Leicester, Oxford, and other boroughs will give the party an access of heart and vigor. Above all, these votes leave no room for further discussion of Liberal "reunion" except on the basis of an acceptance of the Independent Liberal policy, and are a clear repudiation of any kind of arrangement with the Tories.

THE defeat of a Chief Whip is always a matter of concern to any Government. But Colonel Leslie Wilson's beating in St. George's is an event of quite peculiar significance. His opponent, Mr. Erskine, stood for the anti-Coalition section of the Tories. He had won the seat at a by-election from an official Unionist, and the attack upon him by Colonel Wilson clearly meant that the official machine would try to bring the independent members to heel. Colonel Wilson was in a peculiar position. The Chief Whip to Mr. Chamberlain, he deserted the latter at the last moment, and threw in his lot with Mr. Bonar Law. That the man he was fighting represented the same beliefs as his new leader seems to have troubled neither him nor the party organizers. Colonel Wilson had a special message from his new leader; and every possible effort was made for his victory. He was beaten by an

enormous majority; and the Government will not only have to find him a new seat, but they will also have to make a new valuation of the power of reactionary Toryism. For the St. George's contest was emphatically a fight between Die-Hardism and the pliable, shifty Toryism that developed under Mr. Lloyd George. And this must be taken to mean that the central perspective of the Government will incline to the Right. And that, in turn, should make for the coherency of Liberalism and Labor in Opposition.

THE return of Mr. J. R. M. Butler as the junior member for Cambridge University is a very notable break in the long tradition of extreme Toryism. Mr. Butler had a hard path to travel. Few candidates in this election have been so persistently vilified. His youth and his religion, his defence of women in the University, his assault upon the Black-and-Tans, his liberal ideas in foreign policy, were all the objects of an almost slanderous attack. His election is evidence of the tendency among the new generation of Cambridge men to an increasingly free outlook. It is also an expression of the gratitude of Cambridge women for his championship of rights now denied them by no other University in the country. It is a useful innovation also, for it ends the bad practice of electing to University membership an oldish don, past his best in academic affairs. Mr. Butler brings to the House of Commons a great reputation as a scholar and teacher with a fine instinct for liberal ideas. We do not doubt that a future of real consequence lies before him.

ONLY two women candidates have been returned. Few, indeed, of the women have done as well as was expected. Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, at Camberwell, and Miss Susan Lawrence came within sight of victory; but the majority is, as a rule, well behind the elected member. The electorate, in other words, is prepared to see women vote as part of the normal process of its political life; it is not yet accustomed, save in exceptional cases, to the idea of women in Parliament. That is a thing that time alone can remedy. It is obvious that women have a contribution of their own to make to the substance of politics; and, in large part, it can only be made in terms of a personal impression upon the House of Commons. But exactly as it took the electorate from 1867 to 1906 to realize that working-men could sit at Westminster, so it will doubtless take a generation to make the appearance of a woman there a natural incident of our system. Meanwhile, it is important that by-elections should be properly used to educate the voter into the habit of looking upon the woman candidate as inevitable and not as an accident.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S overwhelming victory at Aberavon is not only a great personal triumph, but is Labor's most solid contribution to the front Opposition bench. In knowledge of foreign affairs, in ability to utilize Parliamentary procedure, and in personal hold upon the temper of the House of Commons, Mr. MacDonald has always stood head and shoulders above the rest of his colleagues in the Labor Party. His membership of the House will greatly increase its debating effectiveness. But his victory is not merely a triumph for himself and his party; it is also an answer to Mr. Lloyd George's ungenerous plea for his rejection. In his own stronghold of Wales the ex-Prime Minister made a special journey to attack a man upon whom he had showered protests of friendship. He exhausted every artifice in the endeavor to persuade the voters of

Aberavon that Mr. MacDonald's war-record made him unfit to sit in the House, and that his programme was the height of folly. Mr. Lloyd George has had his answer upon his own ground. It is clear evidence that the war-mind has ceased to influence the electorate.

MR. OSWALD MOSLEY has been returned by a majority of 7,422 over his official Conservative opponent. No victory in the present election can be a better vindication of the independent mind. Mr. Mosley was elected to the last Parliament as a Unionist with the coupon. He early detected what a worthless thing the Coalition was; and the larger part of his Parliamentary history was one of consistent opposition to the Government. But Mr. Mosley's opposition always implied that the world born of the war was in need of liberal principles. Mr. Bonar Law's advent did nothing to ease his mind, and he offered himself for re-election as an independent. What, obviously, secured so remarkable a personal success was his constituents' sense that high distinction of character, and a complete honesty and detachment of intellect, are the qualities that a Member of Parliament wants. His opponent was the ordinary back-bencher who had nothing but his label to recommend him; yet, in a place like Harrow, it would in the ordinary case have been enough. His rejection means that Harrow wants Mr. Mosley to work out his independence. That he will be in opposition is clear from the policy of the Government. It is certain that as soon as the Opposition has developed a definite line of attack Mr. Mosley will be attracted to it; and nothing can prevent him from being given a high place in its counsels.

THE Near Eastern situation, both on its military and its diplomatic sides, has strangely oscillated. About the degree of Inter-Allied co-operation maintained and maintainable there has been a good deal of mystery, at Paris as well as at Constantinople. Out of conflicting reports, the fact finally emerges that while the French and Italian High Commissioners at Constantinople did not receive authority to impose martial law till some time after the British, the ultimate difference of opinion as to the wisdom of exercising those powers lay not between the respective national representatives, but between the civilians and the soldiers. Sir Horace Rumbold and the French and Italian High Commissioners believed the declaration of martial law was called for. But Sir Charles Harington and his fellow-generals were alarmed at the possible consequences, particularly since it was known that neither France nor Italy proposed to send reinforcements. On the Turkish side Rafet Pasha maintains an attitude of extreme arrogance, blended with bland explanations that his worst breaches of the Mudania and other agreements have been misinterpreted.

THE week's postponement which M. Poincaré had to accept at the instance of Lord Curzon was due not to the British General Election, but to the British refusal to go into conference with the Turk till it was made clear that there would be no defection by the French in the course of the actual discussions at Lausanne. That is putting it in plain language, but not much plainer, by all accounts, than the language Lord Hardinge employed in his interview with M. Poincaré on Monday. The result of that conversation and other interchanges was a rapid and fairly satisfactory *détente*, followed by an agreement to exchange views between London and Paris in the form of memoranda. This was the concession to the difficulties of a personal meeting under such condi-

tions as would satisfy Lord Curzon. The Foreign Minister said plainly that he would take no step that would commit him to participation at Lausanne till he had got a watertight understanding with France. M. Poincaré having declared that in the event of the Turks violating the Mudania Convention the French would meet force with force, the first step towards Inter-Allied accord was taken, though the value of five thousand French troops with no prospect of reinforcements is limited enough. And in point of fact, though no attack has yet been made on the Allies as a body, the perpetual and unchecked infiltration of Kemalist troops, in uniform and out of it, into Constantinople is in itself a menacing breach of the convention. It is now probable that the British and French Cabinets will reach a sufficiently clear understanding to enable Lord Curzon to meet the French Premier in Paris this week-end and travel with him to Lausanne, in time for the Conference to open as intended on Monday.

THERE are more complications than appear in the situation. One is that the differences, and the proposed conversations, between Lord Curzon and M. Poincaré have created the usual discontent in Italy, who complains, as usual, that she is being left out of account. There is no ground for that suggestion, but under the circumstances it is all to the good that Signor Mussolini should have decided to go to Lausanne and exchange views with Lord Curzon and M. Poincaré. Italy, it is fair to say, has under the new Government been giving full support to the British demand for a firm stand at Constantinople, Signor Mussolini's reported proposal for evacuation having apparently consisted merely in the not unreasonable observation that unless the Allies could make up their minds to stay, they had better go. The other factor in the situation is M. Poincaré's personal position in Paris. There is no question that support is failing him in the Chamber.

THE Wirth Government has fallen at last. Dr. Rathenau's assassination robbed it of its outstanding figure, and it was of sinister significance that the Chancellor never succeeded in finding another Foreign Minister, but has held the vacant portfolio himself ever since. Latterly rivalry between Dr. Wirth and his Finance Minister, Dr. Hermes, has further weakened the Cabinet, but it was the action of the People's Party, influenced by Herr Stinnes and the great industrialists, that dealt the final blow. The proposal to appoint one or more members of the party to Ministerial posts (Herr Cuno had been mentioned for the Foreign Secretaryship) was rejected, the party demanding full incorporation in the Government. To that the unified Socialists were emphatically opposed, and there is some prospect now of a reconstructed Ministry, possibly under Dr. Wirth still, with the Socialists in opposition. It is particularly unfortunate that the crisis should follow immediately the presentation to the Reparation Commission of definite proposals directed to the stabilization of the mark. The main points in the plan, which is based largely on the advice of the foreign experts, are an external loan of 500 million gold marks (£25,000,000) which, together with a like sum drawn from the Reichsbank gold reserve, will be devoted solely to the stabilization of the paper mark; an internal loan, half the proceeds of which will be used for payments due under the Treaty and half for Germany's internal needs; with this exception a complete moratorium from Reparation payments, other than deliveries for the devastated areas, to be granted for three to four years; various financial reforms to balance the budget.

Politics and Affairs.

NO MANDATE FOR TORVISM.

WE write without knowledge of the full result of the electoral battle, but its general issue is clear. The Conservative Government will continue in office, but it has been denied the mandate which it sought, and the moral authority which is the basis of strong administration. If it goes on governing, therefore, it must do so in face of an unusually powerful Opposition. Mr. Bonar Law's Ministry is supported, as far as we can at present judge, by a minority of the voters, and if the elements of the Opposition could only have combined, the Conservative Party must have been condemned not only to an inferiority of votes, but to a loss of their majority in the House of Commons. In what precise degree of dependence, or of weakness, they will finally be placed it will not be possible to say until the precise disposition and character of the members of the new Parliament, as well as their nominal affiliations, have been discovered. But it is easy to see that the Prime Minister's *do-nothing policy* has been turned down. If his Ministry is maintained, it is largely by the accident of a bad and totally obsolete political machinery. Had Labor and Liberalism merely agreed to stand out of each other's way, as this journal has unceasingly urged them to do, there would to-day be a Labor-Liberal Government in power. In scores of industrial constituencies the joint vote of these forces outnumbers by thousands that of the Conservative candidate. In the absence of P.R. these parties have been stunted, or have cheated themselves, of their true measure of representation. But the millions of voters who have gone to the polls for them constitute a formidable rampart against the reaction. In 1918 Mr. Lloyd George all but destroyed the political sense of the nation. It has revived; and its censure of the policy of negation is being conveyed as we write, not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands of votes.

No great elaboration of detail is needed to emphasize this obvious result. The Prime Minister himself retains Central Glasgow on a minority of 4 votes over the poll of Liberal and Labor. Rossendale will still be represented by a Tory, but a majority of 4,475 voted against him. At Darwen, the Tory was returned on figures 4,254 below the massed anti-Conservative vote. Bury, East Hull, York, and St. Pancras, each show decisively that they do not want a Conservative member; but in each place it is the Tory minority which will get the representation in Parliament. There are many other instances. At Reading—to illustrate with some typical figures—the successful Unionist scored 16,082, out of a poll of 37,616; Labor got 14,322, and the Liberal 7,212. For East Middlesbrough—where the electorate numbers 28,905—the Unionist is returned on 8,885 votes, out of a poll of 22,787. Blackburn is a salient case of the abuse of electoral machinery. It is a two-member constituency, and it returned a Unionist and a National Liberal with 55,351 votes between them, against 55,592 votes for Opposition candidates. East Ham is another bright example of how men's and women's votes are falsified. Here there were Unionist, Labor, National Liberal, Independent Liberal, and a Liberal. The Unionist who secured only 7,215 votes out of a poll of 24,262, will represent a constituency where Miss Susan Lawrence, for Labor, with second place at the polls, obtained 6,747 votes. Or take Leyton. It is now represented by a Conservative on a poll of 20,004. Of that total the new member obtained only 7,866 votes. The 12,518 adverse votes are of no value whatever.

With all its money, its social and territorial power, the motor-call pull, and the prestige which came through Tory reunion, and its break with the Coalition, Conservatism has been able to do no better than this. It has suffered many individual losses. Its Minister of Health has been defeated. Its Chief Whip has gone down before an Anti-Waster of purer blood than he; and Mr. Marriott, a leader of the Die-Hards and a man of some intellectual eminence in their ranks, has succumbed to a vigorous Liberal attack at Oxford. But this is by no means the full tale of the national move forward, incomplete as it is, to more generous and constructive ideas in politics. Neither the utterly false fear of "Bolshevism," nor the exaggerated fear of the Capital Levy, has prevented Labor from making a deep and powerful cut into the old Tory line of fortification. On the whole, the great cities have gone Conservative. London and Liverpool still speak for the commercial mind which sees its immediate and seeming interest, and lets the future fend for itself, and Manchester has ceased to be a Liberal stronghold without becoming a Labor one. Glasgow is a divided city, but the sharpest image of the class war that the electoral screen has thrown up shows Labor as the dominant figure. And the industrial districts, as apart from the vast pleasure and business centres, are rapidly passing into the hands of Labor. For that reason we welcome the new strain and coloring in the Parliamentary Labor Party with which the industrial North has provided it. That body will be in very different hands from the trade union group of 1918. It will include Mr. MacDonald, one of the most brilliant of our Parliamentarians. And much of its thinking on foreign affairs will be in charge of intellectuals like Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. Lees Smith, and Mr. Roden Buxton, whose early training and thought have been Liberal, and who have seen at first hand what a thing the War and the Peace have made of Europe. Therefore, if Mr. Law's Government survives, it will face a very different quality of Opposition from the dispirited survivors of the *coupon* election. It is outclassed even in debating strength. There will be incomparably more force, more sympathy and knowledge of European conditions, a better temper and a juster mind, both on the Liberal and the Labor benches. The hard-faced men who elbowed their way through Mr. George's turnstiles in 1918 did better out of the war than they have done out of this election.

But the Tory Government have to reckon not only with a powerful Labor Opposition of good quality, but with a revived and strengthened Liberal Party. For Liberalism, the election has brought two notable gains. It has added to its Parliamentary representation in numbers and in variety, and wrenched itself clear of the demoralizing opportunism of Mr. Lloyd George. Fortunately, there has been no compact with the "National Liberals." Four years ago Mr. George sought to destroy a party which would not take his leadership on the insulting terms of a union with its old enemy. It has now, in effect, destroyed him. The ex-dictator returns to Parliament at the head of a much diminished band of Trimmers, who sued equally for Liberal and Tory votes, presenting themselves not as a party of definite principles, but as hangers-on to the regular forces, gamblers in the chances of the great disturbance he engineered. We call that a vindication of the moral powers, no less than of the Liberalism which has risen from earth again, undestroyed. We deeply regret that the revival should seem so qualified, and so immediately fruitless. The sterile issue of the war which Labor decided to open on Liberalism, and the resulting and

inevitable Liberal reprisal, was largely the act of Mr. Sidney Webb, a great expert and a good citizen, but a bad politician, now as always the evil genius of his party. Save for his counsels, Toryism might have been not, as now, a victor on a doubtful field, but a well-beaten minority of the new Parliament. But this is not an hour for recriminations. Labor and Liberalism have an immediate task, and a more distant one. Their first business is to construct and maintain a strong anti-Tory Opposition. Their second, to which their earlier operations in Parliament no less than their reading of the true mind of the electorate will speedily conduct them, is to prepare for the Government of the future—the Government that the country wants—which is a Ministry of the Left.

THE OLD GAME WITH TURKEY.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE must have enjoyed himself during the last week. He told us a little while ago that it would give him considerable pleasure to watch his successors trying to extricate themselves from the difficulties in which, on resigning, he left the country. In the Near East Mr. George tied a noose about the neck of the country from which his successors are already finding it extremely difficult to extricate themselves. Mr. George must have had the satisfaction during the last fortnight of seeing every effort on their part to do so only result in drawing the knots a little tighter.

There are two elements and *foci* of difficulty which, in judging the situation and formulating a policy, should be kept quite distinct. One is the Turks with their focus of disturbance at Constantinople, and the other is the French with another and different storm-centre in Paris. Our position with regard to the Turks is, or should be, since the Allied Note of September 23rd, absolutely clear. In that Note we offered to the Turks certain terms of settlement in the Near East. There is no ambiguity in these terms, which were offered jointly with us by France and Italy, and which were accepted by Angora. We invited the Turks to a Conference, and we undertook that in the final settlement Eastern Thrace should be returned to Turkey and the Allied troops withdrawn from Constantinople, provided that Turkey did not violate the neutral zones and undertook to agree to provisions which would protect the racial and religious minorities and the freedom of the Straits. The terms were what is usually called "generous"; they may be more accurately described as constituting a settlement which, in one respect at least, boded ill for the future of South-Eastern Europe. This settlement, bad though it is, was on September 23rd, and still remains, inevitable.

With the Note of September 23rd, however, we begin a new chapter in our relations with Angora. We have promised to satisfy to the full all the Turkish demands, originally formulated in their National Pact, but on certain conditions which the Turks themselves accepted. Part of those conditions, elaborated further at Mudania, was the acceptance of the *status quo* by the Turks until the final settlement is completed at the Conference which is to meet at Lausanne. The new demands of the Turks, which have caused the dangerous situation in Constantinople, violate those conditions. The Nationalist *coup d'état*, with the deposition of the Sultan and the seizure of governmental power in Stambul, was itself an infraction of the Mudania agreement, although under the circumstances it may have been wise for the Allies not to press that point. But there comes a moment when it is no longer wisdom to turn the blind eye to facts, and the Turks, by going on to demand the

immediate evacuation of Constantinople, forced that moment upon us.

The object of this demand is obvious. Angora would like to enter the Conference with as many *faits accomplis* up its sleeve as possible. The desire is not uncommon among negotiators and their opponents usually resist it. The Turks, too, have their obligations with regard to the freedom of the Straits and the minorities who are once more to become Turkish subjects, and the fact that, when the Conference opens, they are not in full possession of Constantinople and Eastern Thrace, may help them to comply with those obligations. No doubt, too, there are plenty of fanatics upon the Bosphorus who would like to crown the victory over the Greek Army by sending the British packing from Constantinople. All this leads to the inevitable conclusion that we must answer the Turkish demands with a categorical "No."

The situation thus created is by no means a pleasant one, and it is likely to recur several times before the Conference ends its labors. The Turk will use the threat against us in Constantinople whenever the negotiations seem to be going against him, and he wishes to put the screw on either in Paris or Lausanne. It is well, therefore, to consider the realities of the situation quite clearly. We assume that from a military point of view our position in Constantinople is now secure, for at bottom everything depends upon that. The Allies have had nearly two months to make their preparations, and we have the right to presume that they have used that time to make themselves unassailable by a *coup de main*. In the second place, it must be remembered that there is an immense amount of bluff in Angora's game. Turkish policy, by a tradition which has lasted for nearly a century, consists partly of bluff and partly of playing off one Great Power against another; indeed, for the last seventy years at least the Ottoman Empire has owed its continued existence solely to the skill with which these two ingredients of policy were mixed and remixed in Constantinople. Rafet Pasha is now playing that game again, and Ismet Pasha will play it in Paris and in Lausanne, the only difference being that France is now occupying the position in it which was held in the period before the war by Germany, and in a still earlier epoch by ourselves. Now bluff is always a dangerous game, and not least for the bluffer, for, if his opponent refuses to be intimidated, he may be faced with the unpleasant alternative of either putting his cards upon the table or of attempting a *coup* to extricate himself. That is the real danger in Constantinople to-day, namely, that if we call Rafet's bluff, he may find that he has himself gone too far. The result would be an attempted military *coup* against the Allied forces, which might have disastrous consequences.

So much for the Turks; our position with regard to France raises different and far more delicate questions. The semi-official French statement issued this week expressed surprise at British anxiety with regard to the French attitude on the Turkish question. But there were very good grounds, which we hope have somewhat diminished, for this anxiety. The Turkish demand for the evacuation of Constantinople would never have been made at all if France had shown unmistakably that she stood by the agreement of September 23rd. And when the French Government objected to even a week's postponement of the Conference, it was not unnatural that we should begin to consider with some anxiety what the position was to be when the Turks and the Allies met at Lausanne. In Paris, too, there are many people who are beginning to feel and to express

the same anxiety. In fact, it is clear that there are two currents of opinion in France. Within the Government there is an influential party almost more Turk than the Turk, and prepared to go to any lengths in "backing Angora." But there are other people who hold that there must be a limit to the policy of "concessions," and that that limit was drawn in the agreement of September 23rd and was counter-signed by France. That, indeed, is the simple and single question. Does the French Government stand by us for the agreement of September 23rd? If she does, and makes it quite plain to the world that she does, there may still be alarms and excursions in Constantinople and Lausanne, but there will be no real danger. If she does not, M. Poincaré will again have forced Europe and the Entente into stormy and dangerous waters.

THE ECONOMICS OF MR. BONAR LAW.

THE economic disorders which are driving one European country after another down the road to ruin, enemies and allies alike, might seem to present the most convincing testimony to the truth that we are all members of one another and co-operators in a common economic system. Nevertheless, the Protectionist mind of our Prime Minister stands unmoved and unteachable. He has indeed given a sort of a kind of a pledge that during his administration he will not disturb "the present fiscal system." Designed to ease the situation for his Free Trade supporters over the election, such a pledge can give little comfort to genuine Free Traders. For there is nothing to prevent a fiscal system which has already incorporated large powers of Protection under the Safeguarding of Industries Act, the McKenna Import Duties, the Dyestuffs Act, and several administrative actions in the way of Imperial Preference, from losing its Free Trade character by a process of piecemeal encroachment. For we must remember that Protection was the single principle and enthusiasm of Mr. Law's early political career. And for the large majority of his followers it still stands as the keenest object of political desire.

Now, foolish, unprofitable, and dangerous as this policy has been in the past, it is far more disastrous at a time like this when the only hope of escaping common ruin lies in peaceful international co-operation. Since America insists for the time being upon standing alone, that close co-operation must be primarily European. The impending collapse of Germany, one of the three chief pillars of world industry, brings this problem to the forefront of immediate policy. It is a real calamity at such a moment that England should be represented by a mind so ill-furnished and so unilluminated as that of Mr. Bonar Law. For the vital need of the moment is the rescue, if possible, of Germany from economic and political dissolution. Germany, as her expert financial advisers have just warned her, must indeed take energetic action on her own behalf. But such action can only be successful if the Allies give her the economic liberty required for self-recovery. France has so far shown no signs of adopting such a policy. Security through economic weakness of the enemy has been her guiding principle, and the proposals of M. Dariac are designed to give permanency to this devastating creed. Any British Government that accepted or connived at such a policy would be a traitor, not only to the peace

and political security of Europe, but to the vital economic interests of our own people.

But, though Mr. Law is a man of business training, can we have any confidence in the strength of his grasp of this situation? Last week we saw him contending that this country has neither more nor less interest than France in the economic recovery of Germany, and reminding his audience that "though Germany was a great customer, she was also a great rival." The state of mind which envisages foreign trade in terms of international hostility is peculiarly dangerous at a time like this, when the fumes of war have not yet passed away. What Mr. Law really means is this. "It is not desirable to see Central Europe passing into complete economic decay and dangerous political disorder; but, on the other hand, it would not suit us for her recovery to be so quick and strong as to enable her at once to resume the economic progress she was making in the pre-war years. If possible, her economic recovery should be of such a kind and pace that she shall not send her manufactured goods too fast into our markets or compete too successfully with us in neutral markets." Free Trade propaganda has not yet succeeded in clearing this nest of fallacies out of the general mind. So long as readers of the "Times" and "Morning Post" on the one hand, the "Daily Mail" and "Express" upon the other, are fed with this doctrine of commercial war, and find high political authorities to endorse it, things will not right themselves.

For consider the separate implications of the doctrine that trade is rivalry, or war. First, it ignores the value of import trade, judging the success of commerce purely in terms of exports. Secondly, it treats nations, or States, in their political aspect, as trading units contending for markets, whereas the traders are private firms, British, German, American, Swiss, &c., competing far more keenly, as a rule, with other firms of the same nationality than with foreign firms. Thirdly, the assumption that there is only a limited quantity of market, and that, if German or American firms get more than their share, our traders must go short, is the root assumption of Protectionism. This assumption, though specious during periods of world depression like the present, has no validity for normal trade. Applying the argument to the recovery of Germany, it is absolutely false to hold that the full renewal of German participation in world trade, and the free entrance of her goods into our and other markets, is other than advantageous to our people. The collapse of Central Europe and Russia is visibly stopping our recovery of employment and trade. The resumption of trade with these countries on its 1913 scale would just about absorb the whole of our present unemployment. Germany, in particular, was our biggest single foreign customer before the war, and the semi-manufactured and manufactured goods her traders "dumped" upon these shores were contributory sources of many of our most profitable export trades.

As for the idle pretence that we can ignore the recovery of Europe and look to the expansion of Imperial trade, plain figures are available for its refutation. Not only was our foreign trade in 1913 three times the size of our Imperial trade, but it contributed a larger number of articles indispensable to our national economy. The notion of working towards a self-sufficing Empire can impose on nobody with a "business" head or "business" information. The special circumstances of the last few years have led to a temporary increase in the proportion of Imperial, as compared with foreign trade. But the normal tendency is not in this direction. Our Dominions, in particular, are rooted in

a protective nationalism with a feeble, and in the case of Canada quite inoperative, preference. Our own growing need is for the expansion of export trade, in order to pay in current goods for the large quantity of imported foods and materials formerly representing interest upon foreign investments now blown away.

This makes it essential for us to sell to the whole world upon the best terms we can get. An attempt, such as Mr. Law suggested at Leeds, to rely upon our Empire, building a special economic system, exclusive of the foreign world, would be as futile economically as it would be politically perilous.

TOWARDS AN INTERNATIONAL POLICY.

II.—THE GENOA CURRENCY CODE.

By E. M. H. LLOYD.

"THE essential requisite for the economic reconstruction of Europe is the achievement by each country of stability in the value of its currency."

In these words the Financial Commission of the Genoa Conference prefaced its scheme for international currency reorganization. The "Currency Code" of Genoa, as Sir Laming Worthington-Evans described the Commission's Report, has received less attention than it deserves. It represents a big advance on 1919. At the Paris Peace Conference the monetary problems of Europe never received more than passing attention. When Germany warned the Big Four that the financial clauses of the Treaty would compel her to continue inflation, they turned a deaf ear; if they understood the point at all, they no doubt thought, "So much the worse for Germany." It never occurred to them to think, "So much the worse for the Allies." And yet our chief preoccupation at the moment is to stop the one means by which the German Government has found it possible to carry out, even partially, the financial clauses of the Treaty. We now want Germany to stop inflation and stabilize her currency; for without stabilization we cannot trade with her. Stabilization of the mark is recognized as of far more immediate interest to this country than Reparation payments. Effective stabilization in Germany has indeed become the limiting factor in determining her capacity to pay.

The Genoa Report rightly states that the first condition for stabilizing European currencies and exchanges is the balancing of State Budgets by reducing expenditure and increasing taxation. In Germany, as in Austria, this is likely to prove impossible without foreign loans. As Sir John Bradbury said recently, the question now has become not how much Germany shall pay the Allies, but how much the Allies must lend to Germany to enable her to balance her Budget. The next step will be to restore normal relations between the Governments and Central Banks. So long as any Government is free to borrow without limit from its Central Bank, there is no means of checking inflation. The Governments must undertake to live within their income or borrow in the open market.

When they have arrived so far, the time will have come for each country with a depreciated currency to fix a new legal gold parity for its monetary unit—that is, a parity with the United States dollar. In this country the balance of opinion is still strongly in favor of restoring the pre-war parity of \$4.86, although there are excellent reasons for holding that stabilization at a lower level would do more to promote the revival of trade and the restoration of equilibrium in public finance. The argument that any improvement in the value of sterling must necessarily cheapen our wheat and make it easier to pay our debt to the United States, is, of course, fallacious. According to this reasoning, we should aim at fixing the new parity not at \$4.86 but at \$5.00—a ratio which would at least have greater convenience for purposes of calculation. The crucial point is whether

the pound is likely to improve in value without any further fall of prices in this country. The official view at the moment seems to be that a rise in prices in the United States will restore the pound to par, through depreciation of the dollar rather than appreciation of the pound.

In most other European countries, with the exception of some former neutrals, there will have to be more or less drastic devaluation. This necessity is unfortunately not yet admitted in France, Italy, and Belgium, where bankers and politicians still hope to restore the pre-war value of the franc and lira by methods which experts elsewhere regard as dangerous or impracticable. The deflationary policy propounded in this country by the Cunliffe Committee is looked upon as the last word of wisdom even in countries where it is hopelessly inapplicable. But in Russia, Austria, and Germany at least, there is no such quixotic prejudice in favor of restoring the rouble, the krone, and the mark to their pre-war value. The Genoa Report is a little vague on the question of devaluation. No indication is given as to which countries will be compelled to establish new gold parities, nor is sufficient emphasis laid on the undesirability of trying to improve the existing gold values of European currencies to any considerable extent. The quickest way to achieve stabilization of the exchanges is to aim at stabilizing European currencies at values closely approximating to the existing level.

The new parities have been called gold parities, but this does not mean that every European currency need be freely convertible into gold in the country itself. If every country in Europe began to accumulate gold, the value of gold in the world market would be forced up, deflation would begin all over again in an exaggerated form, and the difficulties of balancing Budgets and carrying the burden of State debts would become intolerable for almost every country. Such a procedure would defeat the whole object of currency reform and aggravate the instability which it is sought to remove. We thus come to the central point of the programme adopted at Genoa, which is to stabilize the value of gold itself by international co-operation and control of the gold market. The Genoa Report contemplates first, co-operation between the Central Banks, and secondly, an International Monetary Convention. "The purpose of the Convention would be to centralize and co-ordinate the demand for gold, and so to avoid those wide fluctuations in the purchasing power of gold which might otherwise result from the simultaneous and competitive efforts of a number of countries to secure metallic reserves." Co-operation between the Central Banks would be directed towards the pooling of gold reserves in a few common centres, and the substitution of an international clearing system at these common centres for the actual shipment of gold. Finally, the purchasing power of gold itself would be kept as stable as possible through the operation of a common discount policy among the participating countries.

The important new doctrine enunciated at Genoa is summed up in the following sentence in Sir Laming

Worthington-Evans's speech: "The power to influence prices, and the responsibility for using that power, belong to the great Central Banks." It may be hoped, he tells us, that "co-ordination of credit policy throughout the world will enable the great banks to make the general level of prices more stable."

Besides the reluctance of many European countries to fix new gold values for their monetary units, another serious obstacle to the realization of the Genoa programme is European indebtedness to the United States. The United States' claim for repayment of the debts is potentially a claim to absorb the whole of Europe's gold reserves three or four times over. But if even a quarter of Europe's indebtedness were discharged by the shipment of gold, the result would be highly embarrassing to American bankers. They already have more gold than they know what to do with, and unless the Federal Reserve Board takes steps to check the natural influence of gold imports, a further period of inflation and high prices, accompanied by a steady depreciation in the value of gold, will inevitably follow. Indeed, if the Genoa Conference had been more successful and European countries had adopted the plan of economizing gold and pooling reserves, we might by this time have brought the United States into a reasonable frame of mind on the question of debts merely by the threat of shipping Europe's gold to America in part payment. This would have had the highly inconvenient result of practically doubling the gold reserves of the Federal Reserve system.

Sooner or later the growing demand for stabilization of prices in the United States is likely to lead to a reconsideration of their monetary policy. The United States Government will then probably be willing to forgo the whole or the greater part of the debts owed by European Governments; and the Federal Reserve Board will be anxious to escape from the embarrassment of receiving mountains of unwanted gold by entering into a reasonable working arrangement with the European Banks of Issue. When that time comes gold will cease to play an important part as a means of making international payments, and the experiment of regulating the general level of prices, and therefore the value of gold, by concerted action between the Central Banks will have a good chance of success. In practice it will probably be found that London will regain its old predominance as the principal banking centre of the world, and that the mutual indebtedness of Central Banks in different countries will be settled through an international clearing house in London.

The essential feature of this programme of currency stabilization is the use of the discount rate as a means of regulating the volume of money in circulation. As before the war, changes in the London bank rate will virtually determine monetary conditions in all the principal countries; but the bank rate will be raised and lowered, not, as before the war, to regulate the flow of gold, but to maintain the general level of prices as nearly stable as possible. When prices show a tendency to fall, the bank rate will be lowered in order to encourage the expansion of purchasing power; when they show a tendency to rise, the bank rate will be raised so as to contract the volume of purchasing power.

Critics of the scheme approved at Genoa are at pains to point out that there are other factors affecting the general level of prices besides changes in the bank rate. Admittedly, this is so. Even the most convinced supporters of the Genoa programme must admit that changes in the bank rate can never be relied upon to ensure perfect stabilization. But the critics go too far in alleging, as they sometimes do, that changes in the bank rate have no influence on the level of prices. The fact is that manipulation of the bank rate, clumsy and imperfect an

instrument though it may be, is the only means by which any sort of stability in monetary values can be deliberately promoted. No other means exists under competitive conditions of influencing the natural tendency of prices to fluctuate, even under the operation of the normal gold standard; and if we are to abandon the only method at present available, namely, the regulation of credit by the Central Banks, the instability from which we suffer to-day will become a normal and necessary feature of the economic system.

But this spells disaster. Greater stability and greater security we must have. If manipulation of the bank rate is insufficient for our purpose, as the critics rightly point out, can we find no other means of achieving the same end, which will reinforce international co-operation between the Central Banks and apply the principle of stabilization to other staple commodities besides gold? In a concluding article an attempt will be made to show how, by a similar method of international co-operation and control, the value of certain basic raw materials and foodstuffs, such as oil, coal, and wheat, could be stabilized within reasonable limits to the advantage of producers and consumers alike.

(To be concluded.)

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

THE Election being over, it remains to collect the bill. Good as are its main tendencies, I can still imagine some rather heavy damages to pay. It is not pleasant to see a country so experienced in politics as ours, and yet so content with a muddled expression of it. And it is a downright misfortune when the parties we have fail to make the best possible use of the representative system, poor as it is. Take the Labor tactics. In the main one has to thank them for the fact that while both Labor and Liberalism have done well, they still fall far below their proper share of Parliamentary force. Labor would not have proportional representation. And it would take no steps to repair the damage to representative government due to the three-cornered contest. The country might to-day have seen a Labor-Liberal Government in power. The decision to refuse an accommodation (however non-committal on policy) with the Liberals was not, as is sometimes supposed, a very deliberate affair. It was taken at the instance of men like Mr. Webb, who did not want a Labor Government at all, but aimed at a strong Labor Opposition; and so close was the division of forces that the final vote gave, I understand, only a majority of one for an attack on Liberalism, and that was taken in Mr. Henderson's absence. It is no special consolation to know that some at least of the Labor leaders who were strongest for this view now regret it.

For what are the consequences? Happily Labor has made a great stride forward, but it is still needlessly below its true strength. And the main damage is not material only; it is to the progressive mind in politics. Faced with a hostile Labor Party, Liberalism has become far too conservative in its thinking. To-day it is more of a Whig Party, without Whig ideals and Whig courage, than it has ever been since the middle days of Gladstone rule. Take the criticism of the Capital Levy. It has been exaggerated, and far too negative. The Capital Levy, in the shape in

which Labor put it forward, savored nothing of confiscation; and the only objection of substance was that it came too late, and at the wrong psychological moment. But Lord Grey and Sir John Simon spoke of it as if it were the overture of economic doom. Labor is right in scorning this shallow mood; and, if I am not mistaken, will make great play with its incurious, un-Liberal spirit.

THERE is another danger. The Toryism of to-day is in full reaction. No one quarrels with a certain reticence in the way of pledges. Lloyd Georgism was simple profligacy; a game played with yokels by a showman who scuttled away as soon as the curtain went up. But considering what the mass of English folk have suffered from the war, what hopes were held out to them afterwards, and what a shameful dereliction followed, the blank negations of Mr. Bonar Law have been a provocation to the revolutionary spirit. The English people are seriously under-educated, and great numbers of them are housed more like pigs than men. And in the interests of the rich, they are threatened with a generation of hovels and bad, cheap schools. I say that is intolerable; and unless the Tory Government are harassed night and day, until these false defences of wealth are broken down, there will be a turbulent scene in working-class politics. What is more, there ought to be. We are not so poor yet that we cannot afford, let us say, a B2 population; even if we are too cowardly to raise the standard of intellectual and moral primacy.

As for Liberalism, the last thing that Liberals should wish for it is that it should sink to a middle party, almost devoid of workmen's votes, or any mass following of the people, who, in spite of the cheaper amenities of modern urban life, still rightly bear the stigma of the dispossessed. There is no future here, nothing to attract the young or the hopeful, so that the Liberal tradition can go on and the torch pass from hand to hand. The average ability in the Liberal candidates at this election has been very good; probably they were the best in the field. But this is a draft on the past; and with the decline of political Nonconformity, under the Lloyd George complex, and the growing attraction of Labor, the well on which Liberalism drew so long threatens to go dry. But the world is in need of a party that keeps it off revolution by always giving it something useful to do. Its present mission is to liberalize Labor; to give it a start in government; to check its tendency to class-selfishness; and to save it from catastrophic politics, which, in a country like ours, so amenable to persuasion, are absurd.

I SUPPOSE it is a habit of British politicians not to read French speeches, and of British newspapers not to report them. This is unfortunate, for it means that M. Loucheur's remarkable oration in the Chamber has passed almost unnoticed. I read it and was absorbed. It seemed to me the most courageous and most objective utterance that France has listened to since the war. Loucheur is a realist, and certainly he looks like one. In the interests of realism he outlined a policy which, if the speaker succeeds (as many expect him to succeed) in forming a new Ministry and a new public opinion, may once more bring France and England together. His scheme of new taxation I could not quite follow. It looked an honest and (for France) a drastic endeavor. But the guide-points of the speech were (1) the substitution of the ideal of political security for that of a ruinous economic drain on Germany; (2) its declaration that the grand aim was safety by way of European reconstruction, not by way of a separatist French policy; (3) its proposal

to release the stranglehold on the Rhine, and to substitute occupation in the name of the League of Nations. These are new and bold ideas, and M. Loucheur is a bold man.

THE trouble in Constantinople is and has been a trouble of Paris. The Allied soldiers and administrators have for the most part stood together; General Harington found in General Pellé a colleague at once firm and loyal, and at the deciding Conference Pellé clearly affirmed his agreement with the English general. At once a sharp negative came from Franklin-Bouillon. Pellé asked for his authority. Franklin-Bouillon's answer was to lay on the table a letter from Poincaré giving him *carte blanche*. Pellé had nothing for it but to withdraw. But he took care to tell Harington in a sentence that his opinion remained unchanged.

MR. BURNS has kindly given me a copy of the letters which passed between Sir William Harcourt and himself on the announcement of Sir William's impending retirement. Through no fault of Mr. Gardiner, they could not be included in the serial publication of his Life of Sir William or in his forthcoming book.

House of Commons.

March 1st, 1904.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT,

I read with sincere regret in to-day's paper of your intention to retire from Parliament at the next election.

At your age, and after your strenuous, useful, and devoted public life, I am not surprised at your decision. May one who has known you as a colleague in Parliament express his cordial good wishes for your health, comfort, and repose in the autumn of your days?

For all your good work on behalf of the common people, for your sturdy stand against tawdry Imperialism, for the many services you have rendered in all good causes in a long public career, I tender you the grateful appreciation of multitudes of men whom in this respect I will be permitted to represent. . . .

You, in your retirement with your family, can feel and share the satisfaction—the only real reward in public life—that ever and always you did your duty and maintained the best traditions of public service by your strong sense of duty to the country you have faithfully served.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) JOHN BURNS.

March 2nd, 1904

MY DEAR JOHN BURNS,

Of all the letters I have received, there is none on which I place such value as that which I have received from you to-day. It will be treasured hereafter by all who love me. I wish I could feel that I deserved half the good you are kind enough to say of me. It reminds me of what Gladstone once said to me: "When men are young people think too little of them, and when they are old they think too much." But as you truly say, the only real reward of the labor of public life is to know that they can count on the good opinion of those for whom and with whom they have worked. If they can feel that, however imperfectly, they have, according to their light and their power, wrought for what they conscientiously believe to be for the public good, they may say their *Nunc dimittis* in peace. . . .

I need not say that the too indulgent appreciation of my work which your letter contains is a great consolation to me in the trial through which I am passing in the demise of the associations which have filled my life. Resignation has a great advantage over death in that you have the enjoyment of hearing in person the good things people are kind enough to say of you when you are no more,

"And flattery soothes the dull, cold ear of death."

Your testimony is to me most highly prized, for I have long recognized in you as a companion in arms the most independent, the most eloquent, and the most fearless advocate of the great body of the public, who have too few representatives to express their sympathies and their aspirations and to defend their interests. I am glad to believe that they will be more potent in the future, but you will be always remembered as amongst the most distinguished of their pioneers. I have been rejoiced to see the great position you have established in the House of Commons as their spokesman, and shall watch with interest and

confidence the great part which you will have still to play with your inexhaustible energy and courage.

Yours most sincerely,

(Signed) W. V. HARCOURT.

WHAT is it that gives one a shock of pleasure at receiving a Report on Bird Sanctuaries in the Royal Parks from a Government Office (Office of Works)? Partly, I suppose, the sight of officialdom throwing away its top-hat and wreathing its head with flowers. The day when a Government appoints a Committee to entice birds back into London just for the joy of them seems, well, to make all things possible. As for the birds, they always do the graceful thing, and though the Committee has only been sitting a few months and has as yet been able to do little more than map out a modest scheme of planting a few attractive shrubs and bushes, and setting aside various suitable areas—they have already begun to troop into our brick jungles. Twenty species (spotted flycatcher, willow wren, tawny owl, lesser whitethroat among them) nested this year in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, and forty-nine in Richmond Park. It is a wonderful list and it helps us to endure the Stygian murk of a London winter to think that sparrow-hawk, kestrel, partridge, stockdove, great crested grebe, whinchat, reed bunting, red-backed shrike, redstart, our three woodpeckers, night-jar, coot, long-tailed tit, nuthatch, tree pipit, jay and tree sparrow, nested within an easy 'bus ride and will do so again. So Sir Lionel Earle and his men have done a service for England.

LADY at Dinner Table (anti-Lloyd Georgian): "I regard Lloyd George"—&c., &c., &c.

Next-door Neighbor (pro-Georgian): "My dear lady, when you and Lloyd George meet in the next world, you will think quite differently of him."

Lady: "Thank you! I have not the slightest intention of going to the same place as Mr. Lloyd George."

COMPANIONS IN HONOR.

If Honor goes by company,
And Grace comes when we know it,
What joy must soaring Churchill feel,
Placed 'twixt Hall Caine and Jowett!

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE GREAT FILM.

IN looking back over the last fortnight in London, what does one remember most vividly among the preparations for Wednesday's battle? Of course, that will generally depend on one's party. Owing to the frailty of mortal nature, most people attend the meetings of the party they belong to, just as most people go to the church of their own particular religious form. They go to be confirmed in their faith rather than to be persuaded, or even to consider change. If no meetings were held, the results would be much the same, and many orators would feel less exhausted to-day. Political agents tell us that elections depend upon the uncertain minds that slide to and fro upon the surface of the waters. But the uncertain mind has begun to slide long before the meetings open. It slides with the spirit of the time. Carlyle used to compare it to the carcase of a dead ass floating up and

down upon the tideway of the Thames. But the comparison was uncomplimentary.

In the course of his business, the present writer attended various meetings of all parties as a neutral spectator. Repressing the boredom of so unnatural an Englishman, he followed the speeches closely, and these are the impressionist pictures that remain in his mind:—

SCENE I.—The very name of the district was a by-word for commonplace. The big Town Hall, hideous with all the pomp of Victorian solidity, faced upon a crowded street that shrieked and roared with trams, urged by municipal lightning. Shops in unbroken succession, with plate-glass fronts, supported the yellow brick houses above them upon iron girders. All was glare and noise. But the side streets, running off at right angles, opened dim vistas of monotonous decency. Each house, with iron railings, stained-glass door, and bow windows, was so exactly like the last that it was a wonder anybody made a distinction of one from another and called it home. A still greater wonder was that there was anything that anyone wanted to conserve. Yet nearly every inhabitant was a Conservative.

The audience came shyly in, peering around as though afraid of doing something unusual. Choosing the chairs as far from each other as possible, they sat all silent, and all blest with the subconscious comfort that they had a roof of their own for their heads, clothes to their backs, and an aspidistra in the parlor window. So high they had reached, and the guiding principle of their lives was never to slip back.

The candidate (he was the "sitting member") began by regretting that the Coalition, which he had supported in spite of certain qualms of conscience, had proved a failure. The country was now returning to the good old English Party system, about which there could be no mistake (smiles and murmurs of approval). Business was always best under a Conservative Government, because that gave a sense of stability (more murmurs of approval). Economy must be drastic—drastic (approval whenever that strenuous word was mentioned). The abolition of the Cabinet Secretariat was a great step in that direction (indifference). For the unemployed honest employment must be provided, and doles must cease; there was an old precept that if a man would not work, neither should he eat (a movement of applause, the audience feeling on firm ground). There was plenty of trade within the Empire, if only the Government would not be always interfering (indifference). In foreign politics we must maintain the strictest co-operation with our fellow victors, especially with our noble ally France (indifference, except that the chairman clapped and tried to look as though he had not). The League of Nations might be all very well as an ideal, but our great Empire must stand always ready to hold its own by sea and land, so as to avert the terrors of war (attempt at applause, which was immediately suppressed). The Irish Treaty must be given a fair trial, though hitherto it had resulted in nothing but bloodshed and chaos (indifference). The first point was to reduce expenditure and grant tranquillity to business. Above all there must be no Capital Levy. (Melancholy applause, during which the candidate resumed his seat. No questions, and all moved to their homes like rabbits.)

SCENE II.—A large hall, used for concerts and lectures in a well-to-do suburb, justly priding itself upon culture and intellectual interests. Nearly all the houses were semi-detached, surrounded with little gardens, and in the evenings once a week select circles met to discuss social problems and Greek art, or to read Dante in the original. The circles were so select that their main

energies were expended upon excluding all who were not quite nice, and the atmosphere was so chilly that snow melted around the semi-detached houses later than anywhere else in the metropolis. The C.O.S. flourished as a salve to conscience in relation to the poor, and it was hard to say where liberality came in. Yet Liberals were fairly numerous, and the hall became three-parts full when the Liberal candidate entered, amid gloved applause. He was a tall but gentle creature, speaking in a Balliol accent, and without passion.

He began by attributing all the present troubles to the errors of the Coalition during the last four years. He dwelt especially on foreign politics and the extreme danger of renewed war brought upon us by the fatal encouragement to Greece (sighs of assent). Mr. Lloyd George ought to have known that France was not with us, and we could not stand alone. Still worse was the issue of the George-Churchill manifesto, without the knowledge of the Foreign Secretary, to whom and to General Harington the country owed a respite, whatever were their political opinions (applause at fair play to opponents). Foreign relations made foreign trade impossible, and unemployment with heavy taxation would continue so long as these conditions prevailed (murmurs of assent). Much reform at home was also needed, but it must be reform without revolution (applause quite hearty for the neighborhood). Both revolution and reaction led to violence, but true progress would gradually abolish inequalities of wealth and opportunity. He stood for Free Trade as the life-blood of England, and for repealing the Safeguarding of Industries Act. He believed that co-operation would solve all trouble between Capital and Labor, as had been shown by the example of Lord Leverhulme (modified applause); and he would devote himself to making the League of Nations a guarantee for the world's peace. (Applause restrained within artistic limits, amid which the candidate resumed his seat.) Many questions. On Rent Restriction he said he favored repeal of present Act, though distress would be caused for a time. He was in favor of Local Option, but not of Prohibition. He rejected any co-operation with Georgian Liberals. He favored taxation of Land Values, and would oppose any reduction of Education grant. He strongly opposed a Capital Levy, and at the mere question a titter of scornful laughter passed through the hall.

SCENE III.—A large room in a Council school, the only decent building in district. Streets and courts around surpassing Dickens's description of poverty at worst. Many condemned long ago by authorities as insanitary, but not cleared because people had nowhere else to live. Man and wife with large family often living in one room. Schoolroom contained little museum collections in cases, and was hung with Scriptural and historic pictures of the Sower, beautiful mothers with babies, the battle of Trafalgar, and the Princes in the Tower. The place was so crowded that people stood thick all down the gangways, and the candidate, who was a woman, had some trouble in reaching the platform.

She began by saying the interests of men and women were really identical; but women suffered more from the wretchedness of such houses as they saw around them. Homes for heroes had been promised, and of the few built hardly a single working family could afford to live in one. She spoke of Labor's housing schemes for erecting garden cities for working people as for others; of Labor's claim to work or full maintenance for the unemployed; of Labor's programme for providing suitable food for mothers and babies out of national and not merely local funds; of Labor's policy for higher education open for all children; of Labor's foreign

policy of peace and brotherhood among workers of all nations. She expounded the meaning of the Capital Levy and its necessity if ever the taxation upon the common provisions of life and the workers' luxuries of tobacco and beer and movie-shows was to be removed. (Every clause was greeted with comments of approval.) Two questions, said to be invariable, were asked: first, whether the true religion of Christ as a great reformer and philanthropist should not be taught in schools in place of dubious doctrines; second, whether working people should not devote themselves to winning power in Parliament instead of attending football matches or betting on the tape. But for the Labor Party's lack of cars on polling day, and the secret work of various corruptions, the candidate might soon be saying on the Front Bench, "The answer is in the affirmative!"

Many other meetings of all shades this neutral spectator attended—all, except, indeed, the Georgian shade. As a neutral, he has conceived some admiration for the British way of doing things, so leisurely, so reasonable. He entirely agrees with the opinion of all the papers that the real dividing line runs between Labor and the rest. And after all his experience he can understand what Lord Haldane meant when he said that in Labor alone he found the spark of idealism.

Letters to the Editor

WAR-GUILT.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a number of remarks which have recently appeared in *THE NATION* AND *THE ATHENÆUM* on the question of war-guilt, and which have been attributed to me. This fact has only just come to my knowledge, but perhaps it is not yet too late to discuss it.

My friend Belfort Bax declares in the number of *THE NATION* AND *THE ATHENÆUM* published on September 30th, that "it has been conclusively proved by the State documents published in Kautsky's 'Wie der Weltkrieg entstand' ('How the World War Originated') . . . that the German mobilization preceded the Russian."

THE NATION AND *THE ATHENÆUM* of October 14th contains a letter from Count Montgelas, in which he contradicts this statement and declares that nothing of the kind had been said in my book.

I must admit the truth of Count Montgelas's words. Never and nowhere have I said that the German mobilization preceded the Russian. Bax's memory must have played him false. That the Russian mobilization caused Germany to declare war on Russia is a fact far too well known to need the documentary evidence I had collected in the German Foreign Office to make it clearer.

It was only after Germany's declaration of war that the Government issued the order to mobilize. The declaration of war was sent to St. Petersburg at 1 p.m. on August 1st, and at 5 p.m. mobilization was proclaimed. Although I agree with Count Montgelas on this point, I cannot agree with him in the conclusion he draws from the fact that Russia mobilized before Germany. He contends that this action proves that Russia began the war, and backs his contention by quoting a number of statements made by various generals. These statements are, however, open to many different interpretations and prove nothing. It is not a question of what one or the other general thought about the consequences of the mobilization, but whether the European Governments were agreed that mobilization was, in effect, a declaration of war.

Here we must bear in mind the following points: When Russia mobilized, her Government declared emphatically that mobilization did not mean war, and that negotiations were to continue. France made the same statement while mobilizing. Even Austria's mobilization was not followed by an immediate declaration of war, and although her order to mobilize was issued almost simultaneously with Russia's,

she only declared war five days after Germany and Russia had been at war. Nor was there anything in the military situation which made it necessary for Germany to combine her mobilization with a declaration of war. Naturally, Germany had to reply to Russia's mobilization with her own. But even members of the German Army admit that Germany would have suffered no military disadvantage had she waited a little longer before sending in her declaration of war. In the meantime negotiations could have continued, and possibly the threatened peace have been saved.

If Germany had waited perhaps another couple of days, it might have been Russia who took the first steps in the offensive, even if war could not have been avoided altogether. Germany's international position would then have been far stronger, and she would have been regarded as the attacked, not only by her own people, who were eventually made to believe this by many artful manœuvres, but by those nations who played a decisive part in the conflict. That all this has been disregarded is due to the dogma laid down by the Prussian militarists that mobilization and the declaration of war must be simultaneous. But there is no reason why we should accept this dogma as an historic fact. However, this is not the only reason for Germany's declaration of war. The principal factor was the confusion which seems to have reigned in the leading circles of Germany on August 1st, 1914. How can we otherwise account for the fact that Wilhelm declared war at 1 p.m., mobilized at 5 p.m., and sent a telegram to the Tsar at 9.45, in which he once again asks him to maintain the peace? Indeed, confusion, short-sightedness, and recklessness are the characteristics of the Government during those days, but not a diabolical talent for deep-laid scheming. It may well be that the German Government planned and furthered the attack on Serbia in conjunction with Austria, but in no way had she planned the world war which only her carelessness and recklessness brought about.

Thus it happened that the world war broke out under conditions which placed the German people in a most unfavorable position, both from a military and moral point of view. Not only Belgium, Serbia, and Northern France have been offered up as a sacrifice to Wilhelm's policy, but Germany as well. This must not be forgotten when the question of war-guilt arises.

However, it seems to me that the importance of this question is greatly exaggerated in many circles. Surely we have got beyond those times in which the outcome of war was regarded as God's judgment. For us the conquered is no longer, of necessity, the sinner, nor the conqueror the just man. But in every war it is the conquered who pays the cost. Germany lay on the ground, beaten and overpowered—sufficient answer to the question of who was to pay the costs and reparations. The only point left open for discussion was how much she was to pay and under what conditions.

This is an economic and not a moral question.

It demands an examination of Germany's capabilities, and an examination of the consequences which arise from the various methods of taking great masses of wealth from one country to another. An unprejudiced economic examination of this kind is urgently needed.

It can only hinder, and cannot better, matters always to be bringing the question of war-guilt to the fore.

Neither French nor German statesmen and publicists serve their country or the reconstruction of the world by new discussions on this question. If they will leave it to the historians to decide, and make the question of world-economy and reparations their practical policy, we shall all be the gainers.—Yours, &c.,

KARL KAUSKY.

Berlin-Charlottenburg.

ULTRAMONTANE HISTORIOGRAPHY.

SIR,—My article of May 6th, under this title, has been attacked by Mr. Egerton Beck on pp. 150ff. of "The Dublin Review" for July-September. The editor, while implying that "the Catholic Press" would be ready to print my defence—and, therefore, that my silence may be taken for guilt—has twice refused to allow a reply in his own paper; he refers me back to you. I need not answer Mr. Beck's preliminary page of personal abuse; I deal with him only

where he professes to produce reasoned evidence. His main attack is on two points.

I had shown how Cardinal Gasquet argues from a garbled document, while undertaking to disprove the idea that, in its honors paid to the Cross, "the Church had given occasion for the growth of serious superstition among the common people, amounting in reality to practical idolatry." In disproof of this idea the Cardinal adduces a quotation from a single book, "Dives and Pauper," written about 1400 A.D. His quotation fills half a page, and is far from conclusive as it stands; but the strange thing is that he has omitted from the middle of this quotation a whole passage, twice as long, which is conclusive—against his thesis. "Dives and Pauper" (as I wrote in my article) "blames the equivocal language of official Churchmen concerning the Cross, which 'blindeth much folk [in their redynge. For they meane that all the prayers that Holy Church maketh to the Cross, that she maketh them to the tree that Christ died on, or else to the cross in the church, as in that anthem *O cruz splendorior*.] And so for lewdness they be deceived, and worship creatures as God Himself.'" The words here bracketed I had omitted, under severe limitations of space, but with due marks of omission. Mr. Beck is very angry at this. He argues (a) that "Cardinal Gasquet's object was to show what our fathers were taught, consequently there was no need for him to dwell on other matters." If this plea were true, it would mean that the Cardinal had evaded the main question; what men really believed in 1400 is far more important to us than what one anonymous writer taught then. But the plea is not true; the Cardinal tells us he will disprove that "the Church had given occasion . . . to practical idolatry"; and he quietly omits a long passage categorically asserting that the equivocal language of the Church had in fact often given such occasion. But (b) Mr. Beck goes on to hint that I maliciously omitted the word *redynge*, which (he says) proves that the author is speaking of an educated public, whereas I apply his words to "the common folk"; and he reinforces this accusation with a note of exclamation. I need scarcely point out that, if the word meant what Mr. Beck imagines, this would strengthen my case; if even the educated churchfolk worshipped creatures as God Himself, how about the common folk? But Mr. Beck's whole point lies in his own ignorance of medieval English; it never occurs to him, even with the context to suggest it, that *redynge* in 1400 may differ from *reading* in 1922. If he had consulted the well-known dictionary of about 1400 A.D., "Promptorium Parvulorum," he would there have found "*Redynge . . . Interpretacio*."

His other attacks rest upon similar ignorance, though in his last (p. 153) he has much more excuse. I ought, for correctness, to have written "*based upon Canon Law*" instead of "*taken from*"; but the change would not materially affect my points, that the Cardinal has shown ignorance of Canon Law, and that, in quoting again from "Dives and Pauper," he has changed the author's actual words "*any Mass*" (which definitely upset his theory) into "*a Mass*" (which would leave some room for that theory). If Mr. Beck will allow me to publish his own criticisms on this point together with an equal number of words in reply, I undertake to prove him as unfamiliar with Canon Law as he is with the English of Chaucer's day. He has attacked me more than once, and every time I have met him with this same offer of gratuitous publicity; but in vain. If, here again, he cannot show the courage of his own assertions, I hope I may henceforth be reasonably allowed to ignore whatever he may write under the shelter of editors who permit no reply.—Yours, &c.,

G. G. COULTON.

Great Shelford, Cambs.

"THE GREAT DOG-FIGHT."

SIR,—The writer of the above article in your issue of November 11th invokes the "average intelligent man" to support his plausible-ironic, dog-fight theory of politics—a theory fashionable before the war, but which is out of date in these days.

Politics, he says, and politicians, and parties, and the General Election, with its angling for votes as a means to

power, are to be dismissed as a joke, "bright soap bubbles" in contrast with "the real world"; the politicians frivolous, insincere, unscrupulous, incompetent, abysmally ignorant; the parties alike without a policy, distinguishable only by the comparative frankness of Conservative dullards in contrast with the comparative dishonesty of Liberal and Labor duffers; the General Election a silly amusement in a Vanity Fair controlled by knaves.

The politicians are not serious, says the writer. Yet they hold and exercise over us the power of life and death in declaring and carrying on wars which involve the lives, liberties, and treasure of the people who elect them. Moreover, we are told, the politicians are not even interested. Not interested, be it noted, with the growling of class passion and the din of economic strife reverberating in our ears.

Through an ascending scale of mild surprise and bewilderment, your contributor's accusation culminates at last in exasperation that the politicians have not tackled the problem of the "creeping paralysis" of Europe by appointing—wonderful conception—Committees of Inquiry! Committees of Inquiry, and after Genoa and its predecessors!

If, instead of indulging in the interesting but unprofitable exercise of shying at his political puppets, the writer would give due recognition and prominence to what has already been done, and what is about to be attempted, by some of the politicians in founding and setting up the League of Nations, and would apply himself to the solution of the problem of devising the best means of advancing the power and prestige of that great instrument, he might hope to come within measurable distance of the point of view of the "average intelligent man."—Yours, &c., B.

THE RAVENS.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Darton's remarks concerning "Ravens" at Studland. I am a resident, and keenly interested in bird life. A pair of ravens regularly nest in the cliffs near Old Harry rocks, generally rearing three young ones. The hoarse croak can be heard in the village as they fly from the cliffs to the Heath for feeding purposes. A fine pair of peregrine falcons make their home near us.—Yours, &c.,

ALBERT G. PAYNE.

Vine Cottage, Studland, Dorset.

THE PROBLEM OF STUDENT RELIEF.

SIR,—All who have seen and appreciate the poverty and wretchedness of Germany's student life must be grateful that Mr. Picton and "Wayfarer" and those who have been reached through your columns and the columns of "Foreign Affairs" have not "passed by on the other side." Mr. Picton's letter in your number of October 7th suggests, however, with some show of reason, that the European Student Relief Agency has neglected, or intends to neglect, Germany. May I, for the sake of the continuance of the work which my predecessors have so finely done, inform him and your readers of the actual situation? At a time when it was harder than at present to assist German poverty, the E.S.R. has been pouring money into Germany to alleviate student destitution. It gave actual relief from the period of April 1st, 1921, to March 31st, 1922, in food values and as direct capital for student self-help activities, a sum of about 5½ million marks. From another return the money spent in Germany amounted, between October 1st, 1920, and May 27th, 1922, to about £25,000. It has administered this relief in careful and continuous study of the student situation, and in constant conference with student leaders and student statesmen. Its activities resulted in enabling the students in the universities of Germany to develop a remarkable system of combined co-operation and self-help, which has promised to open up a new social era in this country.

Last spring student delegates from all aided countries, and some from the supporting countries, met together at Turnow, in Czecho-Slovakia, at the request of the E.S.R., to decide the future of its relief activities. As a result of the reports of the appalling need of student life in Russia, and the presence of large numbers of refugee students in Central Europe, the principle was accepted that E.S.R. should, in the following winter and spring, chiefly confine its energy to relieving these classes of students. This was accepted

also by such German student leaders as Dr. Schairer, of the Wirtschaftshilfe der Deutschen Studentenschaft in Dresden. It was hoped that the carefully organized student-relief work, built up during a period of help activity, would be strong enough financially to support its own weight. The terrible catastrophe of the fall of the German mark which has taken place during the summer and autumn has, however, completely altered the situation. Students who were eking out a half-starved existence with the help of student feeding in the summer-time upon about 800 marks per month (and it has been estimated that well over a half of the students of Germany had no more), have to face an existence minimum described accurately by a student friend of mine as a less than animal existence at to-day about 10,000 marks. The situation is actually more tragic than this. Eighty per cent. of Germany's students are making their way by working during the holidays in mines, factories, on farms, and in offices. By the hardest work and stern self-denial, many of them have probably saved up a capital of 20,000 to 30,000 marks. This sum of money, which should have been enough to see them through the winter term, will not suffice them now for half of it. The result will be a still larger increase in under-feeding, anaemia and consumption.

We ask Mr. Picton to satisfy himself with still more care as to the work being done under this organization, and, in order to avoid anything like a spirit of rivalry in this campaign of brotherhood, to throw his weight into the scale on our side. In England our work is represented by Miss Iredale, of the Imperial War Relief, c/o Universities Committee, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C.2. May I add that sums earmarked "For German Student Relief" will find their way straight to this field?—Yours, &c.,

A. W. BONSEY,

Field Representative,
European Student Relief of Germany.

Poetry.

IN A CITY STREET.

In a city street
Stands a woman,
Holding a handkerchief to her face,
And proffering matches.
Above the rim of her kerchief
Look out eyes that suffer
But that are not angry.
Only once have I seen the diseased and crooked hand
Drop for respite.
The stream of passers had thinned momentarily
And the pavement was bare.
I came towards her;
And very swiftly
The hand rose.
She saw that, wincing, I had seen,
And there was pity in her eyes
And very deep humility.
And as I passed on, shuddering,
I knew that the handkerchief veiled the bitten face,
Not lest we should hurry by
Too sick to let fall our coins,
But because compassion moved her
Tenderly to hide,
In selfless pain,
Humbly.
And remembering
What mean self-loathing may be engendered
In petty egoists
By a pimple,
Or bad breath,
Or a patch of baldness.
The blood surged into my face and neck,
And I walked on,
Stirred to reverence
And chastened by the sudden beauty
Of the diseased woman's swift motion.

SUSAN MILES.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE German Reichsbank has raised the German Bank Rate from 8 to 10 per cent.; but this step cannot by itself do much to check inflation or correct the mark exchange. If the Bank of England raised its minimum rate of discount to 10 per cent., the step would be regarded as a measure of panic; but in a country where inflation has progressed so far as it has in Germany, it is a comparatively mild measure which in itself cannot produce startling effects. The Committee of international economists consulted by the German Government have issued a report in which they say that under present conditions mark stabilization is not possible. Stabilization, as everyone now recognizes, is urgently required in the interests of Europe; but it is only possible under certain conditions, which include German Budget equilibrium, a moratorium for some considerable period from indemnity payments, and an international loan. The last-named condition—an international loan—will not become practical politics until Germany's Reparations bill has been definitely fixed and arrangements for its payment settled on lines dictated by purely economic facts. Here, as always, we come back to the old, old starting point. A sound economic settlement of the Reparations problem is incomparably the most urgent task of statesmen to-day. Hopes that such a settlement was approaching have so often proved false in the last year or two that one is necessarily chary of optimistic prophecy. But the omens may be regarded as more hopeful than for some time past. It is believed that the other members of the Reparations Commission have returned from their Berlin visit as deeply impressed as Sir John Bradbury has for a long time shown himself by the gravity of the facts and the urgent need for sane policy. French opinion, too, is growing alarmed. The latest crash of the mark has been the first of such crashes to bring really serious depreciation to the franc. Moreover, the latest figures of the Budget deficits which France is facing in the next year or two, together with the growing doubt of the continued success of French internal loans, must necessarily impress French opinion with the need for some Reparations solution. It may also be a hopeful factor that in the next attempt to agree on the subject the French will be dealing with a new British Prime Minister and Cabinet, unfettered and unimpeded by remembrances of past kaleidoscopic changes of front. I have always held that any new Government and Prime Minister, with a clean slate, would find it easier than Mr. Lloyd George to reach a Reparations agreement with France. There are, therefore, some hopeful omens in this all-important matter. But one cannot help feeling anxious at Mr. Bonar Law's continued failure to indicate whether he is prepared to try for a solution on the only lines which would seem to hold out any hope of success. And the fall of the German Government spells new anxiety, coming, as it does, immediately on its professed adoption of a stabilization policy.

TRADE FIGURES: SOME IMPORTANT POINTS.

Last week I was discussing the October balance-sheet figures of the Clearing Banks, and the evidence which they provide of trade movement. The October returns of overseas trade have been eagerly scanned for supporting evidence that trade is on the mend—but without much definite result. Exports in October were, in fact, not so good as in September; and one has to be content with hopes of a coming improvement which are suggested by rather remarkably heavy imports of raw materials. A swelling of raw material imports may normally be regarded as a prelude to increasing trade activity. But with regard to all these October figures, whether they refer to bankers' loans, imports of raw materials, or to a check in commodity prices, it is as well to remember the danger of using the experience of one single month as a basis for jumping to hasty economic conclusions. To argue from the experience of one month that a period of better trade, rising prices, and dearer money—with all its implications for the investor—is at hand, is to assume from slender foundations what the experience of next month may disprove.

Another important point about the October trade returns arises out of the statistics showing the direction of trade in the first nine months of the year. The point is that whereas trade within the Empire has fallen off in comparison with 1921, exports to foreign countries have risen substantially. Even the "demoralized" countries of Europe have increased their takings from us. These figures serve to underline the fact that British trade recovery waits upon the mending of the great European gap in the world circle of trade—a fact of which Mr. Bonar Law has not, so far, shown himself sufficiently aware. Another important point is the improvement of our balance of trade with the United States—an improvement of about £70 millions in the first nine months of the year. This, doubtless, has produced a favorable effect on sterling exchange.

MARKETS AND NEWS.

The early days of the week saw a sharp recovery in the franc exchange, while the mark also improved, these movements being due probably to covering by speculators. The New York rate has again been firm. The latest return of national revenue and expenditure shows a reduction in Ways and Means advances of £7½ millions, but monetary conditions have, rather surprisingly, become a little easier. Whatever may happen in Lombard Street in the next fortnight, the beginning of December will see huge dividend disbursements that should ensure a period of ease early next month.

No one looks for great Stock Exchange activity during Election week, and there are a number of other influences besides the British elections calculated to cause hesitation. This being so, general weakness and crumbling of quotations would have caused no surprise. But as a matter of fact, although the volume of business remained light, the general tone of the investment markets has been cheerful and firm. One Stock Exchange incident of the past week or two is perhaps worthy of note. It is that a certain volume of purchases of gilt-edged securities is reported from Switzerland—an event attributable to the threat of a Capital Levy in that country. It is certainly true that in any country where it is sought to impose a Capital Levy in the teeth of the fierce and united opposition of the business community, capitalists will endeavor to transfer capital abroad. The position, of course, changes entirely as soon as the business community looks at a Capital Levy proposition as a possible alternative to harrowing taxation of income. The time may come when the business community in this country is inclined so to regard it. But that time has certainly not yet arrived.

THE RISE IN TEA SHARES.

One of the features which the investor should notice about recent Stock Exchange movements is the notable strength of the market for tea shares. This is exemplified in the following table, where present quotations are compared with lowest quotations of the year:—

| Name of Company and Amount of Share. | Dividends. | | | Prices of Shares. | | |
|--|---------------|---------------|---------------|-------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| | Year 1919. | Year 1920. | Year 1921. | Lowest 1922. | Nov. 15, 1922. | Present Ytd. |
| Bognwantalana (£1) ... | 15 | 24 | 30 | 13 | 21-16 | 14 11 0 |
| British Indian (£5) ... | 10 | 5 | 15 | 54 | 8 | 9 7 6 |
| Chargola (£1) ... | 5 | N11 | N11 | 23-32 | 15-16 | N11 |
| Consolidated Tea and Lands (£10) ... | 22½ | N11 | 10 | 14 | 20 | 5 0 0 |
| Darjeeling Co. (£1) ... | 8 | 2½ | 5 | 11-16 | 1 | 5 0 0 |
| Dooars (£1) ... | 22½ | N11 | 27½ | 113-16 | 24 | 10-0 0 |
| Empire of India (£1) ... | 16 | 10 | 16 | 117-32 | 24 | 7 2 3 |
| Imperial (£1) ... | 12½ | N11 | N11 | 2 | 13-16 | N11 |
| Jorehaut (£1) ... | 15 | 15 | 15 | 129-32 | 24 | 6 6 3 |
| Lungia (Sythet) (£1) ... | 7½ | N11 | N11 | 3 | 13-16 | N11 |
| Nedseem (£1) ... | 12½ | N11 | 10 | 15-16 | 23-32 | 4 15 6 |
| Singlo (£1) ... | 15 | 10 | 15 | 14 | 23-32 | 7 2 0 |

The position of the tea industry has greatly improved. Incidentally, the point is one worthy of the attention of those who are interested in rubber shares. For many rubber plantation companies grow tea as well as rubber; and where rubber companies have tea as an important side-line, they are deriving from it very useful assistance in tiding over a difficult time.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM



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The World of Books.

MORE compelling than all the challenging praise of W. H. Hudson's jealous admirers, his last book, "A Hind in Richmond Park," which Messrs. Dent have just published, will convince even the reluctant that when that naturalist died there was less light in the world. It must be confessed there were some who felt disinclined to be hurried to the fully choral worship of Hudson. That reluctance may be forgiven in those who long ago and far away were surprised by "Green Mansions" and "El Ombu." It was natural in them to feel some petty annoyance at being peremptorily dragged off, hatless, and at a great pace, to the shrine of "one of the world's greatest writers"—or perhaps it was the world's greatest writer; I am not sure which. Extravagance is not the less irritating when it is very solemn. And how foreign, too, was this portentous magnification, compared with the stillness of Hudson's own cool and patient estimation of things!

WELL, I am not blameless. I myself gave a few thumps to the muffled bass drum, over Hudson. After all, in spite of being so quiet, he was a remarkable man; and some of us felt that a busy world might overlook the greatness of a citizen who didn't care to know whether he was great or not, or whether or not we recognized his greatness, if great he was. In this age, when the art of "publicity" is the most necessary and successful of the arts, and the most vital for the continuance of our form of civilization, it seems cantankerous in a citizen to consider loyal service of more importance than fame. What chance would publicity experts have if we were all like that? Well, Hudson was like that. And, observing the public was crowded, as usual, round the books where the quacks, and those who think they are clever enough to compete with the quacks, were making the conventional noises to gain suffrage for their pills, soap, insurance coupons, novels, and their programmes of general salvation for all sufferers, we could not resist drawing the attention of the public to another sensational wonder; for we felt that only what was made to appear wonderful would gain attention in such a din. We tried to show it that a man had just died who was unknown to it, but who was incomparably more important than most of those to whom the majority was giving its cheers and its coppers; and tried to prove it.

It was unnecessary. Hudson, though dead, can look after himself. And people who prefer sentimental romance to the patient observation of nature in a not quite hopeless search for the truth, will not be persuaded by literary critics, or by anyone except those who can fill a large hall with a passionate noise, or a book with warm and cosy stuff. "Green Mansions" was, and is,

like Chinese to them. They will never know what it is about; more than that, they do not want to know. And why should they? As they are perfectly happy as they are, and would become quite lost and miserable in the "incult" places Hudson loved to be in, and would feel uneasy under the calm and understanding eye of the naturalist whose intuitions into human motives could be embarrassing, they are best left to the excitements they enjoy. It is no use blinking at the fact. We must steadily regard it. And the fact is there are expressions of mind to which the mass of humanity is no more responsive than are our garden palings to the calls of ships at sea. This is a thought I have pushed away desperately, being a sentimentalist. But the experience of the past eight years—a long lesson, accepted with reluctance—has taught us that mankind, for all its "God-given reason," may very likely act under impulses as crazy and disastrous as those which send the lemmings travelling in great hosts to doom.

As for reviewing "A Hind in Richmond Park," there would be no end to it. It is called "a book of reflections, suggestions, and conclusions on many matters, half physical, half spiritual, the product of a life-long intimacy with animal life of all kinds." A book on women's clothes, animal telepathy, spiritual scents, wolves at the Zoo, the origin of wing-music, the nature of poetry, and a hundred other things, somehow grows out of an adventure of Hudson's in Richmond Park with a hind, which reclined under a neighboring tree listening to sounds and feeling earth-tremors to which the naturalist was insensitive. Hudson watched her behavior closely and speculatively, and this wise and beautiful book is the result. The curious thing about the book is that it is organic, and though the hind, like a deer bewitched, sets Hudson journeying to the pampas; shows him the ghostly face of a friend, who is far away, flickering before him in a south-west wind in a London street; sends him following up forlorn clues on the mystery of migration in birds and animals; makes him listen as a child to great music in the cathedral at Buenos Ayres (to find afterwards an understanding of the emotion evoked by that music in a letter of Gilbert White to Daines Barrington) and prompts him to original excursions among the poets, yet Hudson comes back again, just as naturally, to the nervous trumpet-ears of the hind in Richmond Park, turned to the sounds that were below or above his own sense. I think this is one of Hudson's best books. To call the naturalist dead is as irrational as to call him great. Dead compared with what?

At the time of his death, Hudson was writing a foreword to a collection of prose pieces by Edward Thomas, "Cloud Castle." The fragment is included in the volume which Messrs. Duckworth have just issued. They commend it as a reason for buying the book. There was much in common between these two men, and anything Edward Thomas wrote was worth reading, whoever wrote the introduction. "Cloud Castle" includes "Death by Misadventure," the kind of static tragedy in which Thomas's prose was at its best, but which did not help to make him a popular writer. How popular and well-known he was Messrs. Duckworth show by printing on the jacket of the volume, "when Edward Thomas died in 1919. . . ."

H. M. T.

Reviews.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

The Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson. With an Introduction by JOHN DRINKWATER. (Palmer. 21s.)

MR. DRINKWATER, who has written an introduction to this book which is at once generous and illuminating, believes that Mr. Robinson, who is regarded by the majority of American men of letters as the finest of modern American poets, has been unfairly and ignorantly treated by English criticism; and, alas! he finds that the greatest injustice has been committed in these pages, in which Mr. Robinson was once dismissed as "duller than Wordsworth at his dullest." It is not for one contributor to cry "Peccavi" on another's behalf; we can only register a difference of opinion.

To me personally, then, it does not appear that Mr. Robinson is dull. On the contrary, I find him deeply interesting in more ways than one. His poems, for the most part, interest me in themselves: I enjoy reading them. And perhaps I am more interested still in the curious individuality which manifests itself in them. Again, I admire Mr. Robinson's technical skill: his handling, for instance, of the eight-line octosyllabic stanza is always assured, and sometimes reaches a prodigious height of virtuosoship. And this is closely allied to a gift of condensed epigrammatic statement which seems to have passed away from modern English poetry. It is rash to invoke great names; but I must confess that there are moments when Mr. Robinson reminds me of a certain side of John Donne.

"If, eager to confuse too soon
What he has known with what may be,
He reads a planet out of tune
For cause of his jarred harmony"—

recalls to my mind Donne's phrase "mistaught by blamers of the age they marr'd." Donne is still more condensed than Mr. Robinson; he is more forcible, and in some queer way that peeps out unmistakably even in that single line, by far more passionate. It is by a similarity of intellectual qualities that Donne and Mr. Robinson are related; of Donne's impassioned sensuousness, of his instinctive, impetuous courage of the brave, translunary things, Mr. Robinson has nothing at all.

What is, perhaps, yet more curious, and is a secret justification of this exacting comparison, is that, in order to define Mr. Robinson's individuality, I seem forced to employ a superb couplet of Donne's. One line of it was made for Mr. Robinson, just as the other was made for Donne himself:—

"For knowledge kindles calentures in some,
And is to others icy opium."

Donne had a calenture of knowledge: it has been icy opium to Mr. Robinson. The one was inflamed, the other is frozen. Mr. Robinson can scarcely thaw his limbs in some pale gleam of sunlight vouchsafed to a world that is growing old by a sun that is growing cold. He is aged and weary; the chill of the last eclipse is in his bones.

It is strange that a thing so old as Mr. Robinson's poetry should have come out of a country so new; strange that he should be saluted by the poets of a nation proud of its vigorous poetical renaissance as their chief and foremost. Strange, indeed; yet only at first sight. For, if we look closely into the face of much of the best American literature, we shall see the innumerable wrinkles of age; its hands, too, are white and transparent; its very perfection almost ghostly. Think of Emerson and Hawthorne and Henry James: they are old men, old minds. The flame is pure, because the fire is burning nothing; they are self-consumed. They are the last pale flowering of an English stock which has been transplanted to an alien, hostile clime. The soil is not their own; the brute vitality on which they need to draw has been taken from them; the sap is running low. There is nothing unknown, unforeseen, undigested to disturb their circumscribed perfection; of what they have, they are masters. But we are as often conscious of what they have not as of their mastery.

Mr. Robinson belongs to these. Whether he is by birth a New Englander I do not know; but his spiritual home

is assuredly New England. His weariness is a New England weariness, his perfection a New England perfection, his detachment a New England detachment. His tired and sensitive eyes flicker over life. He cannot be excited by it; he is merely discreetly curious. "Life?" we seem to hear him say; "there is no life; there are only men." Their odd, inconsequent, baffled destinies attract his attention. They attract his attention—nothing more violent or disturbing than this—and with a faintly amused smile he sets himself to chronicle their behavior in his polished verses. A quiet irony suits him best, as in the story of Llewellyn and Priscilla. Under great provocation, Llewellyn ran away from Priscilla with a painted lady. He is met with again, twenty years after, a street-hawker on Broadway:—

"God knows how far I might have gone
Or what there might have been to see;
But my speed had a sudden end,
And here you have the end of me."

"The end or not, it may be now
But little farther from the truth
To say those worn, satiric eyes
Had something of immortal youth."

"He may among the millions here
Be one; or he may, quite as well,
Be gone again to find the Tree
Of Knowledge out of which he fell."

"He may be near us, dreaming yet
Of unrepented rouge and coral;
Or in a grave without a name
May be as far off as a moral."

It is hard to imagine that such a thing could be better done. "The Tree of Knowledge out of which he fell" is an example of perfect wit.

There is an obvious affinity between these verses and some of Mr. Kipling's. But Mr. Kipling's similar work is boisterous and full of high spirits. No one would accuse Mr. Robinson of that. We smile at some of his verses; we do not laugh at them. Our enjoyment is almost wholly intellectual. Besides, an isolated example such as that gives an unfair indication of Mr. Robinson's range. He is a psychological ironist, but the dose of obvious irony varies considerably. If we put Llewellyn and Priscilla at one end of Mr. Robinson's scale, a poem such as this may mark the other:—

THE COMPANION.

"Let him answer as he will
Or be lightsome as he may,
Now nor after shall he say
Worn-out words enough to kill,
Or to lull down by their craft
Doubt, that was born yesterday,
When he lied and when she laughed."

"Let him find another name
For the starlight on the snow,
Let him teach her till she know
That all seasons are the same,
And all sheltered ways are fair,—
Still, wherever she may go,
Doubt will have a dwelling there."

When we speak of Mr. Robinson's scale, we mean the poetic range within which he achieves his most individual effects. Not seldom he steps outside. His longest poem—a very long one—is on the Arthurian theme of Lancelot; but though he is in it quite definitely himself, the dispassionate psychologist, we miss his own peculiar perfection. It is the same man writing, the same mind at work; yet his own peculiar poetic gesture, a precise and epigrammatic completeness, is lacking, and he fails to hold our attention.

For Mr. Robinson's technical perfection is an essential part of the thing he has to say. There is a polished finality about his attitude which seems to forbid expansiveness. When he works on a larger scale we become more conscious of what he lacks than what he has. He has a detached psychological curiosity, and practically no interest in life as a whole. It is all, in a sense, *vieux jeu*. It is odd, he allows, perhaps even significant, that men should cherish this passionate desire to go on living in a world which has no apparent purpose; but he does no more than allow it. He makes the constataction that the thing is queer; but it does not excite him. "It's very mysterious," he says in a toneless voice, and passes on. He is not embittered, he is not angry; he is simply tired. And, unless he keeps our

attention alert by the astonishing compactness of his phrase and the splendid dexterity of his versification, his weariness descends upon us. It takes passion of some kind to move the large rhythms of our English blank verse—that is why we are generally so bad at it nowadays—and Mr. Robinson is, before all things, passionless. His blank verse, unless it is constrained within the brief limits of a psychological picture like "Ben Jonson entertains a Man from Stratford," reveals little more than his own weakness.

It is rather for the light it throws on his mental composition than for any poetic quality of its own that one of his most ambitious poems—"The Man Against the Sky"—interests us. Of this poem we are inclined to imagine Mr. Robinson saying, in the words he gives to one of his characters:—

"I have not failed; I've merely not achieved."

He tries to picture symbolically the destinies of mankind in the figure of a man seen in the distance climbing a flame-lit hill against the sky:—

"Where was he going, this man against the sky?
You know not, nor do I.
But this we know, if we know anything:
That we may laugh and fight and sing,
And of our transience here make offering
To an orient Word that will not be erased,
Or, save in incommunicable gleams
Too permanent for dreams,
Be found or known."

Apparently, then, Mr. Robinson believes in gleams; but rather in the sense in which Herbert Spencer believed in the Unknowable. We can hardly suppose that Mr. Robinson is much visited by them; or if he is, we may be sure that he takes most of the shine out of them by the application of a congenital scepticism. They may be the phosphorescent aftermath of an exaggerated dinner; and at any rate they are incommunicable. Yet, we suppose, it is precisely these gleams that the poets have set themselves and somehow managed to communicate. And we may take it as some sort of measure of the difference between Mr. Robinson's poetry and what is generally understood by the word, that he deliberately cries off the job.

But that does not make him dull. Far from it. It merely makes him modern. Latterly, the gleam has been getting scarce and wearing thin. Mr. Robinson is a poet who can no more than just contemplate it as intellectual possibility. He comes a little later, and he is a little more modern, than the poets who found their passion in the angry denial of the conceivability of a gleam. It is conceivable, says Mr. Robinson:—

"If after all that we have lived and thought
All comes to Nought,—
If there be nothing after Now,
And we be nothing anyhow
And we know that,—why live?
'Twere sure but weaklings' vain distress
To suffer dungeons where so many doors
Will open on the cold eternal shores
That look sheer down
To the dark tideless floods of Nothingness
Where all who know may drown."

In other words, there may be something in life, because we don't all commit suicide. It is not a faith about which one can work up much enthusiasm. Mr. Robinson does not attempt the impossible. After one or two poems of this kind, he turns aside to a more congenial labor. He has declared his faith. It was hardly necessary; we might have guessed it.

The more congenial labor is the study of men. Destinies are depressing, but the human being may be watched with curiosity. He may be even admired. There is a warmth of genuine admiration in his poem on Lincoln, which is a fine poem; and in less obvious ways a streak of romanticism and hero-worship can be discovered in his verses. But even when he himself is warmest his figures are a little ghostly, or like perfectly prepared specimens. Not that he is unkind or cruel. He just cannot help it. He has an icy finger.

We should probably come closest to the *vraie vérité* of Mr. Robinson's work if we were to compare his psychological studies with those of Tchekov, of whose outline at least some of them are reminiscent. Of the two—Mr. Robinson the nominal poet, Tchekov the real one—Tchekov makes alive, Mr. Robinson takes the life away. The New England mind, acute with premonitions of its own decay, has always

employed its fastidious fingers in disembowelling humanity. It will end, as it began, on the same occupation.

To sum up, in the most important sense of the word Mr. Robinson is perhaps not a poet at all. He is an accomplished verse-technician and a subtle psychologist, both of which are valuable things to be. He may never have written a perfect poem; but he has never written an empty one. His accent is absolutely individual. It is a New England accent, no doubt, but it is peculiar to one of the last phases of New England. After Mr. Robinson comes Mr. T. S. Eliot, and that may be the end. Mr. Robinson knows what he wants to say, and he says it perfectly and with an inimitable gesture. We may argue about the absolute value of what he says, but we certainly cannot deny it was worth saying. At such a man it is not for the poets of modern England to cast the first stone.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

A CHARACTER OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Mr. Lloyd George. By E. T. RAYMOND. (Collins. 15s.)

It is something of a relief to turn from the sycophantic vein in Lloyd George biography to Mr. Raymond's more reasoned method, yet we confess to a very modified admiration for this ingenious adventure in criticism. Mr. Raymond's object, we suppose, is not to praise Mr. George, but to represent him. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of praise in this book; the surprise is to find it often so strangely qualified as to appear in the end as a kind of disparagement. It would seem, indeed, as if its author had started out with the intention of portraying a great man, and had, at some stage of the journey, come to the conclusion that, after all, he was dealing with a little one. He appears to be putting himself a number of interrogatories concerning Mr. George, and to be answering them in a sense by no means favorable to his subject. For example: Did the late Prime Minister win the war? A good deal of the picture of Mr. George's inspiring and vitalizing qualities seems to be painted in this dazzling design. But no, concludes Mr. Raymond, the Unknown Warrior, assisted by the Unknown Worker and the imperfectly identified Taxpayer, did that. Well, but did he not greatly improve its direction? Again Mr. Raymond seems both to accept this thesis and to rebut it. He applauds Mr. George for conceiving the idea of a "unity of front," political and military, while confessing that most of his "schemes" for embodying this vision in actual operations in the field were wrong. He cannot too highly estimate Mr. George's service in placing the Allied armies under the single command of Foch. Yet he creates the impression only to obliterate it in minds of average thoughtfulness. Mr. George played no direct or deciding part in the selection of Foch. And Mr. Raymond admits that Mr. George's first crack general was not Foch but Nivelle, chief tragedian in the fearful catastrophe of the Chemin des Dames; and that Foch himself got his "papers" "when there was a quite considerable probability that even he could do nothing with them." He thinks it right that Gough should have been relieved of his command. But he more than hints the Prime Minister's responsibility for putting him into a "situation of extraordinary difficulty and danger," while depriving him of the means to face it. What, then, is Mr. Raymond's true opinion about Mr. George? That he had a genius for war or that he was mainly lucky at it? That he saw the way out, or that, seeing very little, but extemporizing well and pluckily when (often through his own default) things were going ill, he somehow blundered through? We suppose this latter is the thesis. It is not the criticism that holds of great civilian directors of campaigns like the elder Pitt (whom Mr. Raymond compares with Mr. George) or Colbert. And if it remains as the final deposit of Mr. Raymond's analysis of the Georgian War Administration, we can only say that the verdict is one of censure, and should have been much more firmly and clearly expressed.

But we must feel the defect of Mr. Raymond's biographical method when we are asked to treat it as a true presentment of a statesman's origins, life, temperament, character, and public morals. Mr. Raymond writes well,

and sloppiness is not in his vein. But we should call him a cynic; and to be clear with him as he is sometimes unclear with Mr. George, we say that we do not affix the epithet as a token of praise. It is cynical to speak of grave spiritual defects, and gigantic impediments both to success and to fine conduct, as if they were pimples in a pink complexion, or the defective creasing of a good man's trousers. When, for example, Mr. Raymond suggests that Mr. George treasured up Mr. Asquith's chivalrous defence of him in the Marconi scandals with a resentful "sense of obligation," he hardly seems to be aware that he is scoring—justly or unjustly—a particularly black mark against his hero. Or, if he was aware, he should have given his judgment a less casual expression. It seems almost worse (considering what the issues were) to write of Mr. George's association with the war that it came like a baby to a "flighty but sound-hearted woman," and made him "great" because—well, because "it gave him much scope for action and very little occasion for thought." In other words, the great war was for Mr. George a diversion (from Marconi and things), in the pleasing excitement of which he could act without thinking. The new game would seem to have been played with zest. One of its minor *divertissements* was the creation of the first Coalition. This, says Mr. Raymond, enabled Mr. George to gain his two "immediate objects." The first was his continuance in power. The second was the setting up of a Government from which nothing but a revolution could displace him. Thus, with a prudent assumption of unconsciousness, Mr. George's biographer joins him up to the hard-faced men of Mr. Keynes's epigram, who looked as if they had done very well out of the war. What, then, is the picture? Of a narrowly calculating ambition? Or of moral energy, bent on victory first and always, while lesser folk looked to the right or the left? The two views spring from alternate pages of this book; and it is certainly open to Mr. Raymond to say in defence that war makes just such a double-natured kind of being, and is made by him. But we confess that we should like such moral asides to be delivered aloud, for the benefit of the theatre, so that, perchance, the world-audience, though a trifle reduced by shell-fire and famine, might one day profit by them.

For the rest, Mr. Raymond reproduces with no little skill the liberal convolutions of Mr. George's brain, and the nicer and coarser shades of chameleon coloring it has thrown on the scene of its many exploits. Clearly the "gift of putting on a new soul as other men would put on a new shirt" must have stood him in good stead in making a treaty and unmaking it, in fighting Lenin and chaperoning him, in being everything by turns to Tories and Liberals, Sinn Feiners and Orangemen, Reds and Whites, and yet nothing long enough to establish a single moral quality save courage. As this is Mr. Raymond's parting benediction on a character which may well have baffled him, we record it, merely adding, by way of equipose, his comprehensive malison on Mr. George's statesmanship:—

"Declining revenue, inflated expenditure, depressed trade, no trace left of the great schemes of reconstruction except the heavy bills for the cost of their mere inception, a discontented working class, a middle order apathetic and hopeless under the burden of excessive taxation, taking refuge from thought in mere frivolity, even the richest beginning to wonder whether such 'insurance against Bolshevism' as fifteen shillings in the pound taxation were worth while, a House of Lords degraded by undignified new creations, a spiritless and discredited House of Commons, a cynically distrustful public—such were the most obvious results of three years of intense labor."

We will leave it at that.

"WHAT NEEDS MY SHAKESPEARE . . . ?"

An Image of Shakespeare. By FRANK MATHEW. (Cape. 18s.)

If a casual reader were asked what critic he was who published his opinion that the Porter's "low soliloquy" in "Macbeth" was interpolated by another hand than Shakespeare's, he would probably reply that it was no critic at all, but a German. One might stake a good deal that he would never guess it was Coleridge. A shock like this helps us to see all Shakespearian criticism in wiser proportions. For if Coleridge is capable of coming such a cropper in the

intuitive appreciation of dramatic values, in sheer horse-knowledge of human nature, down what precipices may not the learning of lesser men who substitute it for wisdom lead us?

Mr. Mathew's voluminous "An Image of Shakespeare" is soaked in erudition. The problems of the order in which Shakespeare's works were written are, if not yet solved, no longer a main campaign with scholars. But Mr. Mathew re-examines the history of each play in turn in the light partly of recent analysis and research, partly of an exhaustive knowledge of our old literature, and for the purpose of "revealing Shakespeare's true character and development." This purpose emerges very obscurely; not until we reach p. 350 does the author attempt a full-length portrait of Shakespeare, nor is the figure which comes to the front door of Mr. Mathew's overpowering library one to make us forget our own fatigue in having watched the interminable processes of producing it. The truth is that Mr. Mathew carries the method of what may be called the molluscan or crustacean interpretation of Shakespeare to such a length that the animal is completely buried under its own shell. Shakespeare's environment is clamped to him; he cannot move hand or foot for the *pondus immobile* of his age thrust upon him. The effect of this is most curious; we no longer see a Shakespearian play or scene or speech or line as a thing in itself, directly impressed upon our mental retina, but in relation to other things which bewilder us by their complexity or remoteness.

Let us, by following Mr. Mathew in examples of actual practice, observe how strange can be the fallibility of over-specialization. He quotes Greene's famously ill-natured attack on Shakespeare in "A Groatsworth of Wit" (1592) as evidence that he had already written many plays, when common sense points exactly the opposite way. It is surely just the kind of language ("upstart crow, beautified with our feathers . . .") with which a waning reputation greets the swimming of a new planet into its ken. In order to connect "Titus Andronicus" with Shakespeare's lyrical period ("its manner and mood . . . seem to show that it was written before the final revision of 'Venus and Adonis'"), Mr. Mathew is forced into the absurdity of calling this crude exercise in contemporary Grand Guignol "a charming play." "Its terrible doings," he says, "are as innocent as the shadows that chequer the bright forest of Arden." A *danse macabre* indeed! Mr. Mathew, again, devotes many pages to his contention that "The Tempest" was written in Shakespeare's youth and revised in later years. So we read that Prospero's farewell is based on "Medea's assertion in the *Metamorphoses*" (as a young man Shakespeare knew Ovid), and that the magical atmosphere of "The Tempest" is akin to that of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." You might as well lump Titania with Merlin on the ground that they were both supernatural figures.

In his chapter on the Sonnets, Mr. Mathew holds with Sir Sidney Lee that their passion, grief, and autobiographical reality were merely the slavish reflection of a contemporary fashion. In the course of it, Shakespeare's dedication to Southampton in "The Rape of Lucrece"—"What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours"—becomes an echo of Virgil's "statement" to Pollio in the eighth Eclogue: *A te principium: tibi desinet*. In other words, Shakespeare ceases to be a man and becomes an encyclopædia. The anguish of the Sonnets is no index to reality; Shakespeare writes as passionately in "Macbeth" and "Othello," but "we do not conclude that he had killed his King or his wife." There is no combating arguments like these; amazement imposes silence. Many of the Sonnets, again, were written in maturity:—

"Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end,"

"has an elderly man's measured gravity and knowledge that life is passing away." Mr. Mathew kindly saves us the trouble of exclaiming upon this wildest ascription of autobiography in the Sonnets by quoting on the very next page Barnfield's lines:—

"Behold my grey head, full of silver hairs,
My wrinkled skin, deep furrows in my face;
Cares bring old age, old age increaseth cares,"

which he "wrote when he was aged about twenty"! We always thought it was Jonson who wore the learned sock and

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RACING.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

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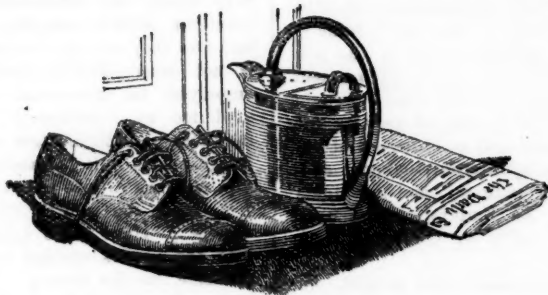
It is not the material side of racing that really counts—the winning or losing should be relatively incidental; only the fool stakes more than he can spare—it is the exhilaration, the flesh and blood, the life, the spirit of the struggle that is of value.

Those who in their narrow minds neither understand nor appreciate the beauty and value of racing, and regard it as a thing of evil, are sterile of imagination. Those fearful ones, who hide their fears behind the mask of sanctity, should stand aside, regard their imperfections, and blush.

To gamble, in love, life, limbs or lucre, is instinctively human and adds a zest to life. In variety of forms and situations, the open air, the green sward of the racecourse have a far cleaner and more natural appeal to the senses than the fetid atmosphere and green cloth of the tables at Monte Carlo, the lists of the bridge club, or the lusts of the political arena. The blood courses through the veins in unison and sympathy with the horse, while the turn of a card or the spin of a ball is materialism naked but inanimate.

Incidentally, there is little element of gambling in the clothes production at Pope & Bradley's. The House stands alone in Europe to-day. Incompetence may suffice to clothe the herd, but only an artist can clothe the elect. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s.

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Shakespeare who warbled the native wood-notes. But Mr. Mathew's notions of organism and environment clothe Shakespeare in positive top-boots of scholarship. When "Hamlet" was revised in 1601, "he may have studied Seneca's Philosophical Works, such as 'Ad Lucilium Epistolæ Morales.'" Shakespeare was for an age, not for all time, for the universal appeal of "Hamlet" is derived from "the note of mediocrity in them (the soliloquies)," which "has ensured them a fame which would not have crowned a difficult greatness." And "the vagueness of Hamlet's character . . . may be due to the fact that the boy of the first version, the Andronicus-Hamlet, remains confused with the Essex-Hamlet, the man whose soul is tossed to and fro. Perhaps Shakespeare knew Hamlet too intimately to draw him distinctly." There is no "perhaps" about Mr. Mathew's book. It knows the Shakespearean period so intimately that Shakespeare is lost in it altogether, a needle somewhere in the middle of a haystack of quotations, references, and associations.

CONSTRUCTIVE LIBERALISM.

Essays in Liberalism. Lectures delivered at the Liberal Summer School, 1922. (Collins. 2s. 6d.)

THE facile judgment which has condemned Liberalism to extinction in this country, because it has almost disappeared as creed and party in Continental countries, is probably mistaken. Continental Liberalism perished because it tied itself up to the logic of individualism, political and economic, and so lost the principle of growth. It made itself a mere annex of a bourgeois Capitalism which sought to maintain a free career of profiteering without interference from the State, Trade Unionism, or any other restraining body. Mid-Victorian Liberalism in this country was in danger of following this course, but has been prevented, partly by a wise habit of compromise, but also, in these later years, by the activities of a new school of positive constructive Liberalism to which increasing numbers of our thinking and working Liberals have attached themselves.

To work out in various departments of political and economic life the just implications of a human liberty based upon equality of opportunity, "a man's share of all that goes on in life," is the inspiring task of these new Liberals. And now, if ever, is the testing time. This new volume of "Essays in Liberalism" is an excellent fruit of the new spirit. It consists of lectures and papers given last summer at Oxford by a distinguished group of men whose thought and experience ranged over the whole field of politics and industry, beginning with the widest and most urgent of our problems—the creation of a working internationalism; and, after a survey of national finance, industry, and machinery of government for Britain and the Empire, ending upon the solid earth, with a reform policy for Land and Agriculture.

In attempting to form a valuation of this project, one must distinguish two questions. First, is there presented here a sufficiently comprehensive and cohesive set of proposals, at once adequate to meet the new demands and aspirations of democracy and presently practicable? Secondly, can a sufficient body of citizen workers and employers be rallied to the sincere acceptance and confident support of such new Liberalism? To the first question we think most readers will give a perhaps guarded, but affirmative reply. For there is a common and a fervent spirit of courageous enterprise, released from the shackles of old individualism, in these essays. The writers upon Internationalism—Lord Robert Cecil, Professor Pollard, Sir F. Maurice, and Mr. Keynes—are in fundamental agreement that the old policy of separate national sovereignty, based on force and absolute self-determination, must yield to some genuine and reliable internationalism in politics and finance if civilization is to survive, and they mark out clearly the necessary limits of such co-operation. Consent and willing co-operation are everywhere the cement of the new order.

Sir Hamilton Grant and Mr. J. A. Spender apply this principle to the cases of India and Egypt, showing the waste and injury done quite recently by a vacillating policy which represented the interplay of Liberalism and reaction in the counsels of the late Government.

Liberalism consists in preparing the subject-nations of our Empire, as quickly as possible, for complete self-government, so far as is consistent with our vital interests—here is the rub. We feel that a fuller statement of the intention of new Liberals to cut the painter with the Liberal Imperialism, which took conscious shape in the late 'nineties behind the leadership of Lord Grey, is needed to establish confidence.

We can, however, recognize that there is a new awakening of Liberalism in its treatment of international and imperial affairs, due partly to genuine growth of conviction, partly to a perception of the dangerous world we live in. Putting it bluntly, an effective League of Nations is the condition of survival for civilization, and it is no longer practicable for us to hold in subjection a full fifth of the human race upon the view that we know better than they how they should be governed. Mr. Ramsay Muir's discussion of the Machinery of Government gives prominence to a task of Liberalism which, because it is so plain and indisputable, receives too little attention, viz., the constitutional changes needed to give reality to democracy. The restoration of power to Parliament and to a smaller Cabinet, P.R., and the need of regional and functional devolution, in order to relieve congestion from the centre and to secure the better working of representative bodies—all this belongs to a conception of government at once conservative and progressive. The claims for functional representation, excessively stressed by Guild Socialism, Mr. Muir would satisfy by the establishment of a permanent National Industrial Council, on which certain statutory powers might be conferred.

This proposal brings us to the crucial problem of the State regulation or control of industry, set forth in general terms by Mr. Layton, and in special application to Unemployment, Trade Boards, Mines, and Land by other writers. The prevailing attitude is one of distrust of the State and of belief in the economic and commercial superiority of private enterprise. But this attitude is qualified in several important respects. State intervention by Trade Boards, to stop sweating and to enforce minimum standards, receives a general assent, though there appears some difference of opinion between Professor Hobhouse and Mr. Layton on the question of enforcing higher rates for skilled workers. The weakest position, in our judgment, is that taken in dealing with trusts and combinations. Publicity of accounts is excellent, both in assisting the public to understand when and how they are overcharged for articles, the price of which is not determined by free competition, and in helping employees to understand whether they are, or are not, exploited by "profiteers." But the notion that public inquiries and publication of accounts will form adequate safeguards is quite chimerical. Free Trade is, of course, a valid check in case of articles with a world market. But even there the growth of international trusts is a grave menace. Have these Liberals any proposals for dealing with the powers wielded by the Tobacco Trust, the Meat Combine, or the Sewing Cotton Combine? They object to Nationalization, on account of bureaucratic defects, and to price-fixing upon economic grounds. But what are they going to do in order to check the new powers of syndicated capitalism? Over an ever larger area of the economic system, industrial, commercial, transport, financial, free competition is disappearing and cannot be restored. The largest and boldest constructive proposal is that of the National Industrial Council. But its main function, as we gather, is that of securing peaceful and effective co-operation between Capital and Labor in the several industries. If Capital and Labor can thus get together, and if some profit-sharing scheme of a satisfactory kind can be devised, if unemployment can be settled on a basis of throwing the burden of provision upon the several trades, the case for industrial peace seems good. But, before we can accept these proposals as an adequate solution, they need development along three lines of policy. First, we must know how the consumer is to be safeguarded against high prices enforced by combinations of Capital and Labor. Second, how a National Industrial Council will prevent stronger trades from tyrannizing over weaker ones. Thirdly, a policy of economic internationalism is essential for the solution of all the grave problems of wages, hours, and unemployment in a country like ours. We

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WRITERS are not always to be taken for earnest in their prefaces. De Foe wrote in the preface to "Robinson Crusoe": "The editor believes the thing to be a just history of facts; neither is there any appearance of fiction in it." Miss Rose Macaulay disclaims the suspicion of satire for her new book "Mystery at Geneva," insisting that it is "a straightforward mystery story." But, in truth, the mystery story is steeped in an atmosphere of satire and burlesque. How could it be otherwise with a story treating the Assembly of the League of Nations? A gathering of cunning, selfish intriguers (with a few honest idealists—fish out of water—among them) pretending to make a world safe for internationalism, makes its own satire as it goes along. From the standpoint of the mystery story this is a pity, for the mystery is marred and weighted by the satiric and other serious interests that are evoked in the telling of it. It is the fifth meeting of the Assembly (enlarged by representatives from Germany, reactionary Russia, and Ulster), and the familiar personages, attended by their journalistic backers, conduct the same intrigues and wrangles over the old bones of contention. Fear, hate, suspicion are the dominant motives. Such is the *mise-en-scène*. The mystery consists in the sudden disappearance of the leaders of the international enterprise. One after another is kidnapped, stowed away in the underground passages of the city, by a secret gang of League wreckers, munition-makers, white-slavers, and other enemies of internationalism. The events are seen through the disordered vision of rival journalists, who, after their fashion, find the villain where they want to find him, Bolshevik, Sinn Féiner, Catholic,

Jew, Capitalist, Oriental. Henry Beechtree, correspondent of the "British Bolshevik," acts as showman, and his relentless pursuit of one Wilbraham, secretary to the British Delegacy, gives what coherence there is to the plot. This account, of course, does no justice to the cleverness of the wild narrative, or to the final unveiling of the mystery. But, speaking candidly, we should have preferred "a straightforward mystery."

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To celebrate Gerhart Hauptmann's 60th birthday on November 15th, the firm of S. Fischer (Berlin) issue special editions of the works of the poet, and make their monthly the "Neue Rundschau" for November a Hauptmann number. It contains, besides an extract from "Till Ulen-spiegel," Hauptmann's forthcoming epic, articles on Hauptmann and his work by Thomas Mann, Franz Werfel, Max Brod, Hermann Behr, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, and other well-known writers.

THE British Drama League and Mr. Basil Blackwell, as publisher to the Shakespeare Head Press, intend to issue "a standard library of new plays." The first on the list are "False Promises," five one-act plays by Mr. Laurence Housman, and "The Man who ate the Popomack"—a tragedy of love—by Mr. W. J. Turner. These plays and their successors will be published in two forms: an edition at 3s. 6d., and another on hand-made paper, limited, numbered and signed, at half-a-guinea.

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THE student of literary history owes a debt to the Modern Humanities Research Association for instituting, and to Mr. A. C. Paues for editing, a "Bibliography of English Language and Literature, 1921" (Cambridge: Bowes & Bowes, 4s. 6d.). It records, under a clear system of headings and sub-headings, the research work of the period, in which term estimates of authors may be included, whether published separately or in journals; and in many cases refers also to noteworthy reviews. Omissions from the 1920 issue are remedied.

THREE eclogues by Mr. Gordon Bottomley are to be published in one volume (of which there will be fifty signed copies for the connoisseurs) by Messrs. Constable. "A Vision of Giorgione: Three Variations on a Venetian Theme" is the title. The first of the Variations has not appeared in Great Britain hitherto; the others are revived from the "Gate of Smaragdus," now rare. Mr. Bottomley has revised the sequence for the new book.

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CHERRY-GARRARD has written an account of Scott's last Antarctic Expedition—a massive work which is to appear in two volumes this December, under the title "The Worst Journey in the World."

NEXT Tuesday Messrs. Macmillan will produce a reprint of L. V. Hodgkin's "A Book of Quaker Saints."

THE "Post Annual" makes its second appearance, and should be popular with those who have leisure hours. One of the most entertaining of its articles describes "The Postal Museum in Berlin," which even contains "examples of early Egyptian Post Office organization." Mr. Conrad chose two of the stories by postal employés which appear in the "Annual."

Art.

"SUBJECT."

THE question of subject is, or appears to be, more complicated in painting than in any other art. Unless you are to make farmyard noises, or say "Bo!" to a goose, the simplest musical or literary statement involves translation. The subject may be good or bad, or well or ill translated, but it cannot be served up raw. Strictly speaking, it is the same in painting, since the real subject of the painter does not exist until he has conceived it, and it exists only in that form; but the nominal subject is there for any man to see, and it is between the two that complications arise.

Faced with a number of exhibitions impossible to describe in detail, the perplexed writer may, perhaps, be allowed to concentrate upon the different aspects of the subject-problem to be found in them. Thus, one might say that in the paintings and drawings by the Russian artist Repin, at the Leicester Galleries, and the etchings by Auguste Brouet, at the Lefèvre Galleries, 1a, King Street, St. James's, the subject-interest is a distraction. That is to say, these pictures, good as they are, could be discussed at any length without reference to themselves; and, indeed, the note in M. Brouet's catalogue, by M. Gustave Geffroy, is almost a substitute for the etchings. "This old woman, with the face of an owl—hook nose, bright eyes—her cat on her knees, surrounded by objects of all kinds—books, statuettes, cuckoo-clocks—is ambushed behind the little window which frames her head, like a spider in his web, waiting for flies." There is the picture, and all you can add is that M. Brouet has etched it with point and economy of line. In the work of Repin the distraction of the subject-interest would appear to be due to that old fallacy, pardonable at one time, that some subjects are more "real" than others. We read in the catalogue of "this group, with its hatred of classic and mythological themes, and its frank love of national and local type and scene," and that as many as a hundred preliminary sketches were made for "The Cossacks' Reply"; and the result is that we pass to the announcement that nearly £25,000 has been paid for the collection of works that is now in London without any shock. One statement does not appear to be more irrelevant than the others. A paradoxical result of this undue prominence of the nominal subjects is that the pictures need explanations; and you have to be told whether, in "The Attack with the Red Cross Nurse," the nurse is leading the advance or being driven before it, before you can concentrate on the very real merits of the design and workmanship. In looking at the portraits of "Tolstoy" and "Kerensky" you are not so distracted, because in them the nominal and the real subject of the painter is the same; that is to say, character. This is not to say that Repin can only paint portraits, but that in turning to subject pictures he is led astray by the fetish of "realistic nationalism," and by the fallacy, common to all the arts, that the importance of the work is as to the nominal importance

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PLAYER'S



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of the subject. It needs a strong writer not to feel more of a man in describing a battle than a tea-party.

But it is in such admirable mixed collections of works as that of pictures by modern British and foreign artists at the French Gallery, 120, Pall Mall, and the Goupil Gallery Salon, that the complications of subject in painting are best observed. The general conclusion would seem to be that the difficulty is one of solution; the degree to which the painter can dissolve the nominal subject, and his various apprehensions of it—visual, intellectual, and emotional—in the medium of his art. He has to pool all his faculties. That this is the difficulty is suggested by the prevalence in such exhibitions of still-life studies. There cannot be all that virtue in a vegetarian artistic diet, and the impression is given that in too many cases the pictures represent a running away from the problem; that in them the painter preserves his pictorial purity, his preoccupation with form and color, only by cutting his intellectual and emotional apprehensions. It is in reaction from such cloistered virtue that one turns to a picture like "The Kiss," by the late Mr. Edward Stott, at the French Gallery. One feels that, whatever its merits in form and color, and they are considerable, it really does represent a complete solution of all the painter knew and felt about the subject. To say that it represents a young woman kissing her child between lights does not describe the picture itself, which represents rather the emotional aura of the act. By comparison with it, and allowing for differences of subject, all the other pictures in the Gallery—except, perhaps, "The Bridge," by Mr. Duncan Grant—seem to show in some degree the protrusion of the nominal subject through the art of the painter; even such good things as "Head of a Negro," by Mr. Glyn Philpot, "Francis Macnamara, Esq.," by Mr. Augustus John, "A Roscommon Volunteer," by Sir William Orpen, and "The Freshness of the Morning," by Mr. Algernon Talmage. They are, precisely, well-painted pictures. You could give them so many marks for subject and so many for treatment, which in the case of Mr. Stott's picture would be impossible.

At the Goupil Gallery Salon there is another remarkable instance of complete artistic solution, all the more remarkable because in it the painter has expressed a satirical attitude: "Politics," by Mr. James Pryde. So far as reason is concerned, it is as innocent as an unguarded exclamation; but it makes you feel the littleness of politics—not any particular politics, but all politics—as compared with art better than pages of argument. A solemn painter would have contrasted the little, uneasy figures of the politicians with something grand or beautiful; Mr. Pryde has been content with an ordinary collector's gallery containing, one would say, not very good pictures, thus bringing politics and art into the same category for effective comparison. It is because the range of apprehensions dissolved in it is wider, that one would call this picture superior even to "The New Bedford," by Mr. Walter Sickert; though here, again, satisfaction is on the same grounds; that nothing of the subject has been run away from, and nothing left "sticking out," untransformed, like the wing of the youngest brother in Andersen's story of "The Wild Swans." All that Mr. Sickert sees in, or thinks or feels about, "The New Bedford" has been reduced to terms of painting. Neither in his case nor Mr. Pryde's can the subject be said to exist apart from the picture. Not that these are the only examples in the exhibition of the same whole-hearted pooling of all the faculties of the artist in presence of the nominal subject. You feel it in Mr. Sickert's paintings of Bath, in Mr. Wilson Steer's water-colors, in the two examples of Alfred Sisley, in "Still Life," by Mr. Mark Gertler, and in "Les cinq Maçons," by Miss Sylvia Gosse. Comparing such works with others, perhaps more interesting in subject and equally well painted, that give you less pleasure, you come to the conclusion that the important difference between one artist and another is not so much in originality of invention or truth of observation or technical accomplishment as in power and consistency of translation; in making the nominal subject disappear in the picture.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

The Drama.

"THE CENCI."

To revive a play with a reputation, which has for one reason or another seldom been seen upon the boards, is a great artistic service. A management that undertakes such a venture ought not to be robbed of a particle of the praise due to it because the play with a reputation may turn out a play that has not earned it. We feel bound thus to express at the beginning our gratitude to Miss Mary Moore and Miss Sybil Thorndike for giving us the opportunity of seeing at the New Theatre "The Cenci," just because we feel equally bound to say that by so doing they have pricked a bubble. The bubble was iridescent because it was bathed in the magic of Shelley's name, but were "The Cenci" given as the work of an unknown author we cannot believe it would pass for a masterpiece.

It is a work that does not give the impression of being in the deepest sense sincere. Throughout it strikes the listener not as the spontaneous expression of genuine personal intuitions, but as the conscious attempt to "write a tragedy." It is interesting to read in Mrs. Shelley's "Note on the Cenci" that in urging her to try her hand at a tragedy Shelley made the remark, "Shakespeare was only a human being." We are also told that he wrote "The Cenci" with Calderon at his elbow, and only after prolonged doubts about his ability to attempt the tragic form at all. The completed work is an elaborate essay in Elizabethan conventions, and is as frigid as such imitations always are. The dramatists belonging to the age of the Cenci would have written understandingly about them. Blood lust and incest, professional assassination, judicial torture, and the superstition of the father's curse were in the stuff of life to the age of Marlowe, Kid, and Webster. Shelley on such themes is but a child trying to frighten himself with his own drawings of skulls and pools of blood. After "Macbeth," after "Lear," after "Othello," is it possible to find real horror in "The Cenci"? It is not surprising to find its author borrowing by handfuls from Shakespeare; his own coffers were empty enough. It is, however, fair to reproach him with neglect of the one demand fairly to be made upon borrowers, not to deface what they take. We still believe with difficulty the ears and eyes that tell us Shelley dared to write:—

"GIACOMO (*lighting the lamp*): And yet once quenched I cannot thus relume
My father's life."

Or this ingenious conflation of two reminiscences:—

"BEATRICE: Why do I talk? (*Snatching a dagger from one of them and raising it.*)

Hadst thou a tongue to say

'She murdered her own father'—I must do it!"

Is it wrong to prefer King Lear's:—

"If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen that it may live
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt—that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! Away, away!"

to Cenci's:—

"May it be
A hideous likeness of herself, that as
From a distorting mirror she may see
Her image mixed with what she most abhors
Smiling upon her from her nursing breast,
And that the child may from its infancy
Grow, day by day, more wicked and deformed. . . ."

—and so on, to a feeble collapse on "a dishonored grave?" How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable it all is! We have scarcely the spirit left by the time the trial scene is reached to revolt against such a piece of pure Fitzball as:—

"Can it be that you sit here
To countenance a wicked farce like this?"

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A real triumph in so shadowy a character as Shelley's Beatrice no actress, perhaps, could score. Miss Sybil Thorndike may claim credit for a beautiful piece of acting, marked by excess in the scenes of terror—the *damnsa hereditas* that was to be expected of her Grand-Guignolizing. That she would do more with the eagle than the dove aspect of the vague heroine was also to be expected, and perhaps it is not until she takes her enemies morally by the throat in the trial scene that we see the best of her art. But what a relief is the clearness of her diction throughout in a cast that is not strong as a whole in this vital particular! Mr. Robert Farquharson, the Francesco Cenci, is an actor of considerable imaginative gifts, but he lacks just the quality of formidableness which is the prime necessity of this part. We expect to see the senile lunatic he makes of Cenci led firmly but kindly away by nurses; he has not the ferocity of the mad wastiff.

To the mounting of the tragedy discriminating praise is due. The general scenic scheme which permits the drama to be carried on without pauses, and with only one interval, is admirable, and should be copied in Shakespeare productions. It is effective too; the purple gloom of the principal chamber in the Cenci palace is as full of atmosphere as a canvas of the period. The costumes cannot be so highly commended. The reason given for shifting them back from the period of the play lacks all validity. How could costumes of the period of the Counter-Reformation, the costumes worn by the statesmen and soldiers of the Armada, "suggest to English eyes an outlook that is too severe and Protestant"? Moreover, while most of the characters have run back from the proper period, Cardinal Camillo has (if anything) run forward and "suggests to English eyes" nothing so much as Cardinal Manning. The general style of the dresses is also too fantastic. In the Court scene, where a grim and sombre realism is required, we found ourselves looking round for the Knave of Hearts and the jury of strange creatures from "Alice in Wonderland." Mr. Bruce Winston, the designer, has a rich imagination, but it badly needs chastening.

D. L. M.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- Sun. 19. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"The Collapse of Germany," Mr. J. A. Hobson.
Indian Students' Union (Keppel Street, W.C.1), 5.—"Population and Food Supply," Prof. E. W. MacBride.
- Mon. 20. Women's Guild of Empire (Caxton Hall), 3.—"The Human Factor in Industry," Prof. Winifred Cullis, King's College, 4.—"The Religion of Democracy," Lecture I., Prof. W. Adams Brown (of New York). Royal Academy, 4.—"Methods of Wall Painting," Prof. A. P. Laurie.
Institute of Actuaries (Royal Society of Arts), 5.—President's Address.
King's College, 5.30.—"Slavonic Studies since the Time of Dobrovsky," Lecture III., Dr. Vocablo.
Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.—"Illuminating Engineering in Relation to Architecture," Mr. L. M. Tye.
- Tues. 21. Royal Academy, 4.—"The Theory of Color and its Application to Painting," Prof. A. P. Laurie.
King's College, 5.15.—"Dante and the World Empire," Mr. E. Sharwood-Smith.
Royal Statistical Society, 5.15.
King's College, 5.30.—"North Italian Painting: Borgognone to Moretto," Prof. P. Dearmer.
University College, 5.30.—"Medieval Danish Ballads," Lecture III., Mr. J. H. Helweg.
Zoological Society, 5.30.—"Further Mammals from the Inner Hebrides," Mr. I. G. S. Montagu; and other Papers.
Welfare Workers' Institute (London School of Economics), 8.—"Industrial Conditions under the German Republic," Dr. Alice Salomon.
Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"Recent Excavations in Malta," Miss M. A. Murray.
- Wed. 22. University College, 3.—"The Arthurian Legend in Italian Literature," Barlow Lecture III., Prof. E. G. Gardner.
Royal Academy, 4.—"The Preservation of Stone on Buildings," Prof. A. P. Laurie.
Royal Institute of Public Health, 4.—"The Milk Problem," Dr. H. Scurfield.

- Wed. 22. Royal Meteorological Society, 5.—Sir Napier Shaw on the Meteorological Work of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics; and two Papers. Geological Society, 5.30.—"The Borderland of Astronomy and Geology," Prof. A. S. Eddington. King's College, 5.30.—"Dutch Influence on British History," Mr. G. Norman Clark.
University College, 6.15.—"The Foreign Exchanges," Newmarch Lecture III., Mr. A. W. Flux.
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"The Economy of Smoke Abatement," Bailie W. Smith.
- Thurs. 23. Royal Society, 4.30.—"The Propagation of Earthquake Waves," Mr. J. H. Jeans; and other Papers. Royal Historical Society, 5.—"Sir George Prothero, Historian and Teacher," Prof. J. P. Whitney.
University College, 5.—"The Pasteurization of the Public Milk Supply," Prof. H. Kenwood.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Rise of Modern Bulgaria," Lecture II., Lady Grogan.
King's College, 5.30.—"Problems of Immanence: Matter and Spirit," Dr. W. R. Matthews.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Stoic Philosophy," Lecture III., Miss Hilda D. Oakeley.
London School of Economics, 6.—"Problems of the British Tropics," Lecture I., Sir Frederick Lugard.
- Fri. 24. University College, 5.15.—"Problems of Evolution with Special Reference to Fishes," Lecture III., Mr. C. Tate Regan.
University College, 5.15.—"Law and the Humanities," Prof. de Montmorency.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

LITERATURE.

- Brampton (C. K.), ed. The "Defensor Minor" of Marsilius of Padua. Birmingham, Cornish Bros., 39, New St., 12/-.
Detweiler (Frederick G.). The Negro Press in the United States. Illinois, Univ. of Chicago Press, \$3.
Frazier (Sir James George). The Golden Bough: a Study in Magic and Religion. Abridged Edition. Macmillan, 18/-.
French (Percy). Chronicles and Poems. Ed. by Mrs. de Burgh Daly. II. Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin), 7/6.
Hauptmann (Gerhart). Gesammelte Werke. Vol. XII. (completing the Edition). Berlin, S. Fischer.
Interpreters (The). By A. E. Macmillan, 6/-.
Kidder (William). The Painter's Voice.—The Profanity of Paint (Life and Color Series, 13 and 14). Cape, 2/6 each.
Pauze (A. C.), ed. Bibliography of English Language and Literature, 1921. Edited for the Modern Humanities Research Association. Cambridge, Bowes & Bowes, 4/6.
Robinson (Rodney Potter). De Fragmenti Suetoniani de Grammaticis et Rhetoribus Codicum Nexu et Fide. Urbana, Ill., Illinois Univ. Press, \$2.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- *Acheson (Arthur). Shakespeare's Sonnet Story, 1592-98. Appendix by E. Thurlow Leeds. Quaritch, 30/-.
Baker (Marie W.). Burning Bush. Yale Univ. Press (Milford), 8/6.
Benson (A. C.). The Reed of Pan: English Renderings of Greek Epigrams and Lyrics. Murray, 7/6.
Bird (Stephen Moylan). In the Sky Garden: Posthumous Poems. Selected, with a Biographical Sketch, by C. W. Stork. Yale Univ. Press (Milford), 7/6.
Bryan (George S.). Yankee Notions. Yale Univ. Press (Milford), 6/6.
Raymond (Bernard). Hidden Waters. Yale Univ. Press (Milford), 8/6.
Sharp (Thomas). Poems. Macmillan, 6/-.
*Way (Arthur S.). Pindar in English Verse. Macmillan, 10/6.
Webster (Mary Morison). To-morrow. Poetry Bookshop, 2/6.
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